New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The Lion's Share
by Ritchie Calder

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BERTRAND RUSSELL ON THE 50-MEGATON BOMB

★

US Defence Policy
by Kingsley Martin

★

Bloomsbury on Safari
by V. S. Pritchett

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Cleaning Pictures
by Andrew Forge

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The Moronic Mass

Defence by Cowardice

THE Macmillan-Sandys defence policy, introduced in 1957, is in ruins. It was based on two principles: first that Britain would use nuclear weapons to meet major 'conventional' threats; secondly that the cost of defence would be kept down by abandoning conscription in favour of a small, all-regular army. The first limb of the policy collapsed with Blue Streak. It is now clear that we cannot pursue an independent nuclear strategy without American agreement; and Mr Kennedy has finally accepted the costly but realistic doctrine that conventional aggression must be met by conventional means. This acceptance, which inevitably is being forced on Britain too, has led to the collapse of the second limb. It was always clear that voluntary regular recruitment would suffice only if the Rhine Army were maintained as a purely skeletal formation. But this is incompatible with the new western conventional strategy. Hence the government has been forced to revert to a kind of selective call-up.

It has done so, however, in an entirely characteristic way. There is a dishonest refusal to use the term 'selective service'. And the actual scheme is both grossly unfair and militarily unsound. The conscripts who will be forced to do another six months' service have already done their two years' share of duty. Now, by one stroke of the pen, they see all their plans for civilian life shattered – in order to spare the government the political risks of distributing the burden equally. The principle of fair shares in National Service has been abandoned in the most arbitrary and cowardly manner.

This is not the only objection. The government also proposes to pull key men out of the Reserve. The excuse is the 'temporary' crisis over Berlin. But it is abundantly clear that this action is really designed to meet a permanent shortage of man-power. In brief, the essential principle of the reserve army has been scrapped, since elements vital to its efficiency are to be incorporated in the active force. Moreover, the bad treatment of the reservists will lower morale and is so bound to discourage regular recruitment still further.

Not all the blame, however, can be laid on the government. Its lack of courage, as in Baldwin's day, reflects to some extent the refusal of the public to face the unpleasant and difficult problems of national defence – which themselves influence Britain's role and authority in the world. At every stage, the official opposition has supported the government in its abandonment of conscription; and public opinion has plainly threatened electoral punishment for any party which re-imposes it.

But what are the alternatives? An independent nuclear strategy is beyond our means, and would in any case be suicide for a nation of 50 million crowded into a tiny island. Our defence effort, therefore, must be essentially conventional. But once we accept this, a further choice has to be faced. It is impossible to raise an adequate regular army by voluntary recruitment. So without some form of conscription we can maintain the minimum force necessary for our defence in Europe only by a wholesale reduction of commitments in the Far East, the Middle East and Africa. The role of these forces has changed radically in recent years. No longer are they the punitive instrument of an occupying, colonial power: they are the slender safeguards of stability and peace. If we withdraw them, other great powers by one means or another will take their place – with the possibility of conflict and the certainty of a reduction in British ability to influence events in parts of the world where our influence can still be both potent and beneficent.

Faced with this inescapable choice, we believe that National Service, generously administered and on the smallest possible scale, is the least of the available evils. If the Labour Party agrees, it can remind itself that the concept of citizen-service to the community is fully consistent with Socialist principle. What is intolerable is that the opposition should evade for political advantage an issue of such importance to the British people.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The View from Denmark Road

ANTHONY HOWARD

The Conservative candidate in the Moss Side by-election sat back last Tuesday morning in his Committee Rooms and pondered. 'No', he said to me, 'I've no direct evidence, though the incidental evidence is pretty strong. I've never really thought whether it comes from Jamaica or Timbuctoo – but it must have something to do with immigration. Anyway', he added, warming to his theme, 'the incubation period of leprosy is 12 years. There may be 10,000 people in this country with leprosy, and they don't know it.'

It was not perhaps the kind of *apéritif* that Mr Butler would have chosen for his immigration proposals, but it was probably representative enough for all that. No one, for example, doubts that next Tuesday evening the returning officer of Manchester will announce to an enthusiastic assembled throng that Mr Frank Taylor (who also gaily talks of 'renouncing' Mr Butler on corporal punishment) is the newly elected Conservative member in the first of the autumn crop of by-elections. And the only real doubt still hanging over the division is how far the Labour Party will suffer from the serious challenge that now seems to confront it.

For, topical issues apart, Moss Side is almost tailor-made to illustrate the Labour Party's present dilemma. One half of the constituency consists of exactly the neat, tidy homesteads towards which much of Labour's recent national appeal appears to have been directed; and the other half is composed of the drab streets and dingy tenements out of which the party grew and developed.

What has happened in this constituency in the past is that the men and women from the neat houses with the even neater gardens have trooped loyally out to record their normally Tory votes, while the inhabitants of the back-streets have stayed helplessly at home. If one wanted an example of a party alienated from what ought to be the bed-rock of its support, it is doubtful if one could find a more vivid one. Somewhere in a street like Denmark Road – with its broken milk bottles, its patched-up windows and its universally peeling paint-work – there has been a total failure to communicate; and last May at the municipal elections what must be two of the most desperately depressing wards in any industrial city elected five Conservative councillors out of six.

The explanations, of course, are available – and they are to the point. The squalor of one half of Moss Side is considered to be at least partly a municipal responsibility, and the Manchester City Council is Labour-controlled. And, even more relevant than that, the constituency clearly feels itself to be the victim of national policy – if only because it now has within its boundaries something like 10,000 coloured immigrants. Which, of course, is where Mr Taylor and his appeals to fears of leprosy come in. And not really only Mr Taylor either. Leaving aside the strident voice of Sir Oswald Mosley (being palely parroted by his candidate, the long-distance runner, Walter Hesketh – whose loneliness becomes more apparent every day), there have also been the quiet, sad, resigned voices of visiting Labour MPs agreeing that, although it is easy to hold one's beliefs living in Richmond, yet if one lived in Denmark Road with the problem on the door-step . . .

During the present campaign the problem has been very much on Labour's door-step, and in the end courage has prevailed. The original tactic was to refuse to discuss immigration on the ground that it was a deliberately erected Tory side-show to distract attention from the main issue of the government's record. But when, after the Queen's Speech, that position had to be evacuated the party came out into the open, and talked baldly of other candidates supporting 'Hitler-type race policies'. In making this stand (a great deal harder to take at Moss Side than at Westminster) it has been joined by the Liberal Party, and no one any longer is in much doubt as to the underlying issue.

Not, of course, that it has been all that obvious, except on the occasional street-corner. Standing at one this week was an enraged woman in bedroom slippers volubly expressing the wish that the Union Movement's candidate would change into a woman – 'then I'd show him'. It sounded encouraging enough until the discovery was made that her real cause of grievance was that he had been heard to mention 'white trash', and she had taken it personally. Then there was the Nigerian from the betting shop who agreed quietly into a TV camera that his people felt very resentful at the attacks which seemed to them to be being launched upon them. And finally there was the policeman who was at pains to explain that Moss Side did not deserve its reputation and that it had never had any real trouble – adding ominously 'not, that is, until now'.

The main indictment must clearly be made out against the Union Movement and the Conservatives – both of whose candidates (at least on the subject of leprosy) have been talking more or less identical language. Mr Taylor for the Conservative Party, in the intervals of attacking family allowances and suggesting that the proper way to arrange welfare payments is to give them in the shape of chits for food, makes it clear that he stands by every word of his notorious speech at Brighton; and Mr Hesketh, when he can remember his lines, takes the argument to its logical conclusion by posing such simple questions as: 'Have you a leper living – undisclosed – next door?'

And yet the really disturbing thing is that such methods have succeeded in providing this by-election with the one issue that shows any sign of awakening interest. There is always, of course, something faintly disenchanting about British by-elections – the candidates wear their fixed brave smiles, the press troops dutifully every morning from committee room to committee room, the various agents exude a bogus *bonhomie*, and somewhere (if one is very lucky) a dog barks.

It needed perhaps the complete political vacuum apparent in Moss Side to show just how dangerous this passive acceptance can be. The perversion of politics that has threatened to take place there this week would only have been possible in a situation where there had grown up a sense of isolation between a party and those who might be expected to be its supporters. The Labour candidate in Moss Side next Tuesday may conceivably have to pay the price of taking a brave but unpopular stand. But it will have been worth paying if the lesson of neglecting the Denmark Roads of politics is finally learnt.

* * *

With two exceptions – the call-up proposal and the already published bill to curb Commonwealth immigration – the Queen's Speech was a fairly uncontentious document. That it should have been so illustrates perhaps a basic rhythm of British politics. From now on – with the parliament elected in 1959 at the half-way mark – it is in the government's interest to try to preserve a tranquil political atmosphere, and in the opposition's to try to bring about a sharp cleavage.

One part of the opposition's attack will, therefore, almost certainly be on what the Queen's Speech left out rather than on what it contained. If it is hard to pick a quarrel over salmon fishing or the training of health-visitors, it is a good deal easier to ask some fairly pertinent questions about what has happened to the long-promised proposal for a tax on short-term Stock Exchange gains, to the government's own weights and measures bill, or indeed to the proposals for safety protection in shops and offices. All seem for the moment to have been sunk without trace; and the Labour Party is rarely happier than when talking the language of priorities.

In any case the opening of the debate on the address showed a very different tone from the amiable one which attended the special recall of parliament last month. The opposition has clearly lost some of the momentum which it temporarily gathered towards the end of the summer, but it at least seems determined to try to recapture it if it can. And Mr Macmillan's curiously inept showing on Tuesday suggests that the task may not be altogether impossible.

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MUGGERIDGE *on the Fabian Society*

Comments on the Week's News

Moscow

Out of the Mausoleum

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: 'At least we are trying to be honest', said a young man in Red Square. He was one of thousands who gathered before the Lenin (and Stalin) Mausoleum during the last stages of the 22nd Congress. An older man took him up. 'The main thing', he said, 'is that we can now talk like this on Red Square without someone taking us by the arm and saying "Come this way, citizen".'

The revelations about the Stalin terror which reached their climax in Krushchev's concluding speech to the Congress have touched off open political discussion in the streets. People are talking about such questions as the guilt for the purges, the role of party leaders and their degree of responsibility. Unlike 1956, when the attack on Stalin reached the public indirectly, and was discussed reticently behind closed doors, there is now a much wider and more principled debate going on. It is especially noticeable among young people, who have no hesitation in talking frankly in public: among them, Stalin's legend seems utterly shattered.

The members of the 'Anti-party Group' have been attacked at the 22nd Congress mainly for their political activities in the period between the 20th Congress and events of June 1957, when their attempt to seize power failed. Had it not failed, Mikoyan told delegates, the active supporters of the 20th Congress would have been the victims of reprisals carried out by the methods 'which the party can never forget'. Yet the victors, he went on proudly, had not resorted to measures outside the framework of party life; there had been no state reprisals, and at least four of the eight men who challenged Krushchev and his supporters in the Presidium were in the congress hall to provide living confirmation of the point. It is still a moot point whether the government will resist popular demand to bring at least three men to trial – Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich. During the Congress they were charged with direct responsibility for murdering thousands of innocents. Before a decision is taken on this it is probable that there will be a much fuller report on the purges than was given to the Congress; it will include an investigation of the death of Kirov, in which the late Andrei Zhdanov may well be implicated. But the party's new leadership – two-thirds of the incoming Central Committee are newcomers – is already dissociating itself from the past. This, indeed, may have been one of the principal reasons for renewing the attacks on Stalin. And it has begun to create a new public attitude towards the leadership.

With their minds on the election of a new Central Committee – under a new system which allows a substantial proportion of replacements – the party leaders strenuously argued that without the full discrediting of the dogmatic, conservative ideology of Molotov and his supporters, none of the major decisions of the new policy stemming from the 20th Congress could have been put into practice. They put special stress on peaceful co-existence in foreign relations, the decentralisation of industry, the restoration of power to the soviets and to republican governments, the cultivation of virgin land, the democratisation of party and public life, and so on. The 2.5 million men and women who have joined the party during the past six years were recruited to put through these new measures. The 200,000 who were expelled during the same period were, in one way or another, opposed to those measures or 'morally unfit' to be associated with them.

As the Congress entered its second week reports began to come from the congress hall, now closed to all but delegates and the Communist press, of attempts on the part of some fraternal delegations to organise a formal meeting of Communist Party leaders to discuss the Albanian situation.

But, as the Congress ended, Khruschev had every reason to be pleased with the support he has rallied in his own and foreign Communist parties for his viewpoint on Albania. Although Chou En-lai fully restated China's position, he won no new allies and he has had to abandon any hope of seeing another Communist summit meeting in Moscow. Speaking from a position of strength – his rocketry and nuclear armoury displayed, his new economic programme tabled – Krushchev has brought home to an economically crippled China the truth of her own virtual isolation. There was undoubtedly a good deal of irony in his suggestion that Peking should use its good offices in Tirana, but this does not mean that Moscow has given up all hope that this is precisely what China will find herself forced to do when her leaders study the implications of the 22nd Congress.

Paris

The Bodies in the Seine

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Since he became head of the Algerian government, Ben Khedda has inaugurated a change of tactics. As his main instrument for persuading France to negotiate he is relying less on the FLN itself and more on the Moslem masses living in France and Algeria. His first big 'offensive' was the Paris demonstrations of 17 October, and the new tactics reached a climax on Wednesday last, with mass demonstrations throughout Algerian towns and villages by hundreds of thousands of Moslem men, women and children. In Paris itself, heavy police reinforcements prevented the city's Moslems from congregating: they were successfully isolated in their suburbs and *bidonvilles*. But in Algeria, troops and police failed to stop the Moslems from assembling – and therefore resorted to force on a gigantic scale. It is now clear beyond doubt that the Algerian provisional government command the devotion of the Moslem masses. But the price of proving this is high.

Meanwhile, in Paris, the Algerian demonstrations have re-opened the issue of press freedom. The debate is currently being conducted in some confusion, as a result of the mysterious behaviour of the de Gaulle regime during the last few days. The confusion springs from the reversal of the long tradition of confiscating critical newspapers – which the present regime inherited from the Fourth Republic. In the past, French governments have observed the rule that to accuse a soldier or a policeman of an illegal act (such as murder or torture) is itself illegal, in that it tends to undermine the morale of those pledged to uphold public order.

After the suppression of the Algerian demonstration of 17 October journalists, from Communist to Conservative, were indignant. At a private luncheon with M. Frey, the Minister of the Interior, some of them were able to tell him, in the strongest language, that they felt they were witnessing the progressive Nazification of France. They could not understand, they said, how he allowed brutalities on this scale to be perpetrated in public in the capital itself. But, in writing of these events, they felt themselves obliged to be prudent. *Le Monde* used the conditional in writing of the 'brutalities' which 'may have been committed' – as though there could be any doubt about them. *Le Figaro* expressed astonishment that reporters were not allowed to visit the camps where thousands of Algerians were held for several days, without formal arrest, still less trial. But neither went further than to insinuate or to ask questions.

Then last week-end two weeklies, *L'Express* and *Témoignage Chrétien*, had the audacity to break this self-censorship. They both published long articles, fully documented, which proved that the police had not only behaved brutally during the manifestation but had continued to savage their victims after they were shut up in the camps. A number of inconvenient corpses had been thrown in the Seine. Both papers expected to be confiscated. They hoped that, at the heavy price of losing an entire edition, enough copies would get out to alert opinion here and abroad. To the general surprise, nothing happened. Not only were both editions allowed to be sold freely but their example was followed by the rest of the press.

Moreover neither M. Frey nor the Prefect of Paris, M. Papon, has published an official denial. During a meeting of the Municipal Council in Paris, Papon listened in silence to a philippic by Claude Bourdet, one of the councillors who is also director of *France-Observateur*, who spoke of a number of detailed cases of torture and murder of Algerians. Without replying to any of the accusations, Papon asserted that 'the police have done their duty'; they must not be criticised, he said, because similar attacks had produced 'the *malaise* of the Army' and, today, could produce 'a *malaise* of the police'. What did this rejoinder mean? Was it a veiled threat that the police were now in the mood to assist a *coup* against the republic?

As always, informed opinion here is divided. The pessimists believe that the police have now received *carte blanche* to do as they want with the Algerians and therefore don't care a damn about press criticism. By virtually admitting the truth of the accusations against them, they have established a precedent: the police can do such things – and get away with it. Such a precedent may be useful to them in the days to come. If they can go unpunished for throwing murdered Algerians in the Seine, may they not soon do the same with 'bad Frenchmen' – that is, the Left?

The optimists on the other hand maintain that de Gaulle has allowed the newspapers to publish the facts of police brutality in order to forge a weapon against senior police officers he does not trust. At any moment he chooses, they argue, he can threaten M. Papon – who is suspected of extreme-right sympathies – with the case of the bodies in the Seine and so secure his obedience and that of his men. Byzantine

though this method of government may appear, it is not without precedent in the history of the Fifth Republic. The truth of this matter is of some importance. At a time when the OAS is growing in boldness every day, a good deal could depend on whether the police remain loyal.

Bonn

The Twilight of Der Alte

JOHN MANDER *writes*: Herr von Brentano's decision not to continue as West German Foreign Minister has drawn public attention to the scandalously protracted negotiations between Dr Mende's Free Democrats and Dr Adenauer's Christian Democrats to form a new government. Six weeks have now passed since the election; and a satisfactory agreement between them is still not in sight. President Kennedy's demands for more active West German participation in the present top-level international negotiations has gone unheeded. Now Herr von Brentano, long a faithful instrument of Adenauer's policies, has resigned – clearly under considerable pressure. No wonder some commentators have been asking whether Bonn, after all, isn't Weimar all over again.

Why the delay? At bottom, it may well be due to a – possibly understandable – unwillingness to take the responsibility for whatever the next few months may have in store for West Germany. If, as many Germans are now maintaining, the events of 13 August rang the knell of the Adenauer era – and the outcome of the elections suggests that many voters shared this view – the fourth post-war administration is in for a rough passage. Yet the critics of Adenauer are in an awkward dilemma. All three parties in the Bundestag are now too far committed to Adenauer's western orientation of German policies to return to their earlier flirtations with neutralism. Yet they are aware of a growing body of opinion in Germany critical of the 'one-sided' policies of the Adenauer era. To this new nationalist undercurrent in West Germany the FDP is acutely sensitive. The new tendency finds expression in the demand for a 'tougher' attitude to any in the western camp who may be preparing to offer 'concessions' to the Russians.

This is where the unhappy Von Brentano comes in. His reputation as the most loyal of 'westerners' has clearly been his undoing – a foretaste of what may happen to others whose zeal for western amity may expose them to the charge of having neglected German interests. On the other hand, by resigning now, he has at least made plain his own personal commitment to Adenauer's policies, and almost certainly increased his personal prestige. (In his letter of resignation Von Brentano writes of 'the demand for a new orientation clearly concealed behind the demands for a reshuffle at the top . . .'.)

Yet it is clear that much of the criticism to which Von Brentano has recently been exposed is intended for Adenauer himself. It is clear, too, that the loss of Von Brentano is a further blow to the already weakening prestige of *der Alte*. Whether Adenauer will be able to recoup his losses by appointing Dr Schröder, his present Minister of the Interior, or by recalling Dr Hallstein from Brussels, remains to be seen. (Other names that have come up are likely to be personally unacceptable to Adenauer – for example, Herr Kiesinger, most able of Bonn 'Europeans', who is now Prime Minister of Baden-Württemberg.) That the Free Democrats can compel Adenauer to accept a genuinely 'independent' Foreign Minister, of less resolutely 'western' colouring, seems at the moment unlikely. But one thing is clear: the days when Adenauer ruled the roost in splendid isolation are now drawing to a close.

Kenya

Kenyatta's Fateful Choice

A Special Correspondent writes: The current crisis in Kenya is essentially one of confidence. The smaller tribes are fighting – understandably, if chauvinistically – against what they fear could be domination by the Kikuyu-Wakamba-Luo alliance embodied in KANU. The special importance of Jomo Kenyatta in this dangerously divisive situation has been that, until now, he has sought to present himself as being demonstrably above party. Thus his decision last week-end to accept the Presidency of KANU must further inflame the wound which is festering in Kenya's political life. Kenyatta had become the symbol of African nationalism whilst detained. He could retain that prestige on his release only if he could succeed either in uniting the two rival parties or in remaining above the struggle. The division has proved too much for him. The Kikuyu-Luo-Wakamba bloc, represented in KANU, consists of 47 per cent of the African population. In this year's elections it secured 55 per cent of the votes and can count on a similar majority in the future. KADU, supported by the Masai, Baluhya, Nandi and Kalenjin tribes, can count on no more than the remaining 45 per cent. Yet KADU is in government and KANU in opposition. And KADU is desperately trying to hang on to its major offices because it fears that it can never again secure them unless the machinery of government itself is used to bolster its party fortunes. Kenyatta's decision is bound to aggravate the tribal fears which inspire this political struggle. He has ceased to be a national leader and become the head of one politico-tribal faction. By his doing so the hope of early tribal co-operation to produce a supra-tribal national consciousness has been severely reduced.

'Anyway, we've asserted our rights . . .'

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Spain

Basques on Trial

ERNEST DAVIES *writes from Madrid:* On 28 October, before the Military Tribunal of Extremist Activities, seven Basque nationalists were accused of military rebellion. Their crimes: burning two Spanish flags, planting miniature Basque flags on the mountainside, clandestine propaganda, contacting the Basque government-in-exile and attempting the derailment of a train. After a single day's proceedings, the court adjourned: it is understood that, subject to confirmation, the sentences will range from 20 to five years.

On the eve of Franco's speech at Burgos on the 25th anniversary of his seizure of power, there was damage to the railway line between Bilbao and San Sebastian. No train was derailed – and there was therefore no injury to person – but it was alleged the attempt was directed at a special train carrying ex-combatants of Franco's forces to the celebrations. The two ringleaders escaped to France, but about 100 Basque nationalists were held by the police in San Sebastian and questioned. Some were tortured and 'confessions' were extracted. Twenty-eight, all in their twenties, were taken to Madrid for trial.

I attended the trial as an observer. Rarely did the defence cross-examine any of the witnesses. When one of the prisoners was asked why he denied in court what was in his 'confession', he stated that after going three days without food or sleep he was not fully conscious of what he said; no more questions were put to him, and the prosecutor switched to the next prisoner. Witnesses on behalf of the prosecution were three railway experts who had examined the line; the linesman who discovered the damage, and the police who had questioned the prisoners. The defence elicited from the first that 13 trains had passed over the line after the damage was done and many more might have done so without being derailed; from the linesman that he had received 2,500 pesetas reward – there was a cautious implication that this influenced his evidence; from the police that there had been no pressure or coercion during the interrogation. All this caused quiet ironic laughter in court, the only audible public reaction during the proceedings. No witnesses were called for the defence.

Although the trial reveals political persecution at its basest, there is, unfortunately for Spain, nothing exceptional in this. It was directed at Basque nationalism, the crimes of which the victims were accused being merely the excuse. The harshness of the sentences demanded by the prosecution is completely disproportionate to the actions alleged. The treatment of the prisoners and the severity of the procedure merit the strongest protest. This would at least bring encouragement to the opposition, now growing in strength and unity, and not least to the remaining 21 prisoners who are still awaiting trial.

Thoughts on the 50-Megaton Bomb

BERTRAND RUSSELL

All friends of peace have been profoundly shocked and discouraged by the Soviet government's resumption of tests culminating in the explosion of the 50-megaton bomb. Mr Krushchev maintains that all this is done with a view to preserving peace. This, of course, is nonsense. But it is much to be feared that the West will react by very similar nonsense. On 22 October, four members of the Committee of 100, of whom I was one, delivered a statement signed by the Rev. Michael Scott and myself at the Soviet embassy protesting against the explosion of the most powerful nuclear weapon ever yet tested. Somewhat to my surprise, I received a long answer to this statement from Mr Krushchev, very similar to the letter from him to certain Labour MPs which was published on 31 October.

The statement to me contains the usual mixture of the truth and falsehood which we have learnt to expect from statesmen of either side. Its criticisms of the West are, to a considerable extent, justified. Its defence of the Soviet government is almost entirely unjustified.

Mr Krushchev deplores, I think rightly, the West's tardiness in agreeing to negotiations about Berlin. He omits to mention that the Russian proposals for solving the Berlin question would involve so great a gain to the Russian side that the West could not be expected to agree. He omits, also, to emphasise that, from the first, the Russian proposals have been backed by military threats. He points out, I think truly, that in a nuclear war Britain would suffer more than either America or Russia, but he is wrong in thinking that this sort of argument promotes pacifism in Britain. He says: 'We are carrying out experimental blasts and improving our weapons so that mankind may never experience the horrors of nuclear war.' Exactly the same sort of thing is being said in America.

It is scarcely possible to believe that such sentiments are sincere on either side. Each side proceeds on the assumption that itself loves peace, but the other side consists of warmongers. Each side proceeds on the assumption that itself possesses infinite courage, but that the other side consists of poltroons who can be frightened by bluster. Each side's bluster, in fact, produces bluster on the other side, and brings war nearer. If Mr Krushchev really believes that the explosion of his 50-megaton bomb is going to cause a love of peace in the West, he must possess a far smaller knowledge of human nature than it is easy to suppose credible. All those of us in the West who are working to prevent a nuclear war are reduced almost to despair by the recent atrocious actions of the Soviet government, while, on the contrary, those in the West who desire a nuclear war are encouraged by every crime and folly of which the Soviet government is guilty.

Mr Krushchev says: 'The source of international tension and the arms race is the policy of the western powers.' This is only half the truth. If the matters in dispute between East and West are to be settled without war, they must be settled by negotiation, and in the present temper of both sides negotiation cannot be successful if conducted by the threat of war. When Mr Krushchev professes that he wishes to avoid 'the horrors of nuclear war', he is only half sincere. There is something else that he wishes much more, namely the avoidance of the tiniest concession on the part of the Soviet government. There is some reason to fear that a correlative feeling exists in the West. It cannot, therefore, be said honestly by either side that it considers nuclear war the worst possible disaster.

The last paragraph of Mr Krushchev's letter advocates general and complete disarmament. The United States Information Service has issued a pamphlet called *Freedom from War* with a foreword by President Kennedy. The proposals contained in this pamphlet are admirable. So are Mr Krushchev's proposals for general and complete disarmament. Since both sides advocate the same thing, it might be thought that it would be brought about, but no one supposes that it will be, because no one supposes that either side sincerely desires it. Certainly the explosion of 50-megaton bombs is not the way to bring it about.

There is a simple test which I should suggest to the statesmen of both East and West: 'When you feel inclined to make a pronouncement, ask yourself whether it differs in any way from a pronouncement by the other side. You are in the habit of saying that the pronouncements of the other side tend to promote war and, if they seem not to, that is only because they are insincere and hypocritical. If your pronouncements and theirs are indistinguishable, can you wonder that they do not find yours convincing?'

If war is to be avoided, both sides will have to cease from finding fault with each other, even when the fault-finding is justified, and will have to abandon the language of threats. We shall not be driven to mend our ways by Soviet threats. Nor will Russia be driven to mend her ways by threats from our side. Threat and counter-threat is not the way to peace. At one time Mr Krushchev seemed to be aware of this. He has forgotten it, and all friends of Man must be saddened by his decision to march along the road of folly.

But I have been speaking of what we in the West regard as Mr Krushchev's mistakes. We are much less aware of the mistakes made on our own side, though it would be easy to make a formidable list weighing in the total not much less than 50 megatons. The United States Air Force Association recently published a statement of its policy which is the most terrifying document I have ever read. It leads up to a noble peroration: 'Soviet aims are both evil and implacable. The people [i.e. the American people] are willing to work towards, and fight for if necessary, the elimination of Communism from the world scene. Let the issue be joined.' This gives the tone of the whole ferocious document, which amounts to a sentence of death on the human race. It presents the aims of the enormous economic power of the armament industry and the warlike ardour of generals and admirals – the aims, in short, of the armament lobby, one of the most powerful of the lobbies that largely determine the actions of Congress.

The greatest danger that we face now, in this time of very imminent disaster, is that we should give in to these warmongers of the West as the Russians have shown by their recent actions they have succumbed to the warmongers of the East. We must continue to oppose both, to remember that both are guilty of leading us to our present dangerous pass, that both now seem to have the bit in their teeth. We must continue to urge the West – since we can influence only the West – to insist upon negotiation with determination to arrive at a peaceful issue, to refuse to answer provocative acts with provocative acts, to refuse, in fact, to go to war.

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Assumptions of American Defence

KINGSLEY MARTIN

In this article I want to assess, as far as I can, after talks in the White House, the Pentagon and the State Department, the assumptions that lie behind American defence policy. On the surface at least, the present regime differs from its predecessor in not thinking about 'containing Communism' or 'rolling back' or 'fighting a crusade', but in tough, realistic terms about the power struggle between the Soviet Union and the US. Whether this makes much real difference in policy I am not sure. It may be no more than a change in presentation. But it means that ideology comes into conversation only as an element of defence. The argument is no longer about a world divided into angels and devils, with 'unmoral' neutrals dithering on the edge of hell.

Another difference is that in the Kennedy era the generals do not talk about policy in public. There is still to be a fight about this which may be important before long, but for the moment military chiefs protest only in private. The very impressive Secretary of Defence, Mr McNamara, has everything very firmly under control, and the Pentagon concentrates on making military sense of the troika of France, Germany and Britain which the US is now attempting to drive in harness.

The first assumption was stated in precise military terms the other day by Mr Gilpatric, the Deputy Secretary of Defence, whose speech, the press was informed, was 'cleared at the highest level', i.e. vetted by the President. The US is stated to be much superior today to the USSR in both nuclear power and the means of delivery. In Mr Gilpatric's words, Americans 'have a second strike capability as extensive as what the Soviets can deliver by striking first. Therefore we are confident that the Soviets will not provoke a major nuclear conflict.'

The second assumption is that a private enterprise shelter policy supported by the administration can so limit the number of civilian deaths in a nuclear war that America would be able to rebuild a civilised and democratic society after it.

The third assumption is that by building up conventional forces, America can minimise the danger that a nuclear war might begin by accident or misunderstanding or from Soviet failure to realise America's determination to use her nuclear weapons.

The fourth assumption is that West Germany must at all cost be kept as a permanent ally. It is essential to have her agreement about the Berlin settlement, her alliance in a war and her participation in that integrated organisation of the West, which is thought the best hope for western civilisation whether there is a war or not.

Let me consider these assumptions in order. Mr Gilpatric states that America will be able to maintain progressively larger arms expenditure until Russia is 'eventually forced to participate with us in a step-by-step programme to guarantee the peace which so many nations earnestly desire'. The present defence budget has reached the colossal figure of $47,000 million. Gilpatric did not mention the possibility that one of the motives for Russia's inexcusable and horrifying series of tests is that she intends to continue poisoning the atmosphere until America is forced to accept Russia's programme for 'complete and general disarmament'. Whether his estimate of Russia's inferior striking power is correct, I cannot of course say; one hopes that it is better based than the appreciation that led to the Cuban invasion. According to American intelligence reports the number of Soviet intercontinental missiles is not large. The Russians, we are told, mainly rely on those of intermediate range, so that America's huge and elaborate system of bomber planes, plus her growing fleet of Polaris submarines, would bring Russia down before she could destroy America's nuclear bases. It is a matter of doubt whether this alleged inferiority of striking power or the conflicts within the Communist world, so vividly displayed in the Moscow Communist conference, is responsible for Krushchev's postponement of a date for making a treaty with East Germany.

Shelter policy is a matter of acute controversy here. The administration does not suggest that shelters can prevent huge casualties from blast and fire, though it flatly contradicts the estimate of some experts who hold that the inevitable fires following a nuclear explosion would destroy all life above and below ground for many times the distance of the blast. As to the inevitable struggle to crowd the shelters if missiles fall, the only solution appears to be that everyone should have a shelter – which is clearly impossible even if the government stops the supply of bogus shelters, now commercially advertised, and insists on the production of cheap and adequate shelters against nuclear rain.

Official propaganda seems also to ignore the possibility of a succession of nuclear attacks, and even suggests that Russia would not use its limited supply of missiles against big cities (which admittedly cannot be defended by shelters), but would exhaust its power in attacking military targets. Obviously the whole policy depends for its logistic validity on the belief that Russia would be knocked out before it could succeed in killing more than an estimate of perhaps 70 million Americans.

Mr Marquis Childs, one of America's most trustworthy columnists, strongly criticised these assumptions in an article in the *Washington Post* on 'The Mythology of Shelters'. He pointed out that whether one stayed 'anywhere from a day to a month' in a shelter would depend on reading geiger counters in the shelters; after you came out you would begin 'the real battle for survival in an all but uninhabitable desert. This presupposes of course that there will be only one attack.' He added that 'private shelters are a luxury beyond the reach of most Americans', and that it is 'a disservice to suggest that the building of private shelters is the way to safety'.

His conclusion that the government has a 'far larger responsibility' than the mere encouragement of private shelters is forcibly elaborated by an editorial in the *Saturday Review*, which denounces the whole policy as false propaganda and concludes that 'the answer to insanity is sanity. If the energy, money, and resources now going into shelters were to be put to work in the making of a better world, we would do far more to safeguard the American future than all the underground holes that could be built in 1,000 years.' Such appeals are very rare. The author, Mr Norman Cousins, is interested in the ethics of nuclear warfare – a matter which was also surprisingly discussed in a recent TV programme by Mrs Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dr Paul Tillich. The query has also been raised whether, if the administration were seriously to embark on a giant shelter programme, the Soviet Union might not reasonably conclude that America intends a first strike. Certainly if the Soviet Union were to begin such a shelter policy, the deduction here would be that Krushchev is planning a Pearl Harbour.

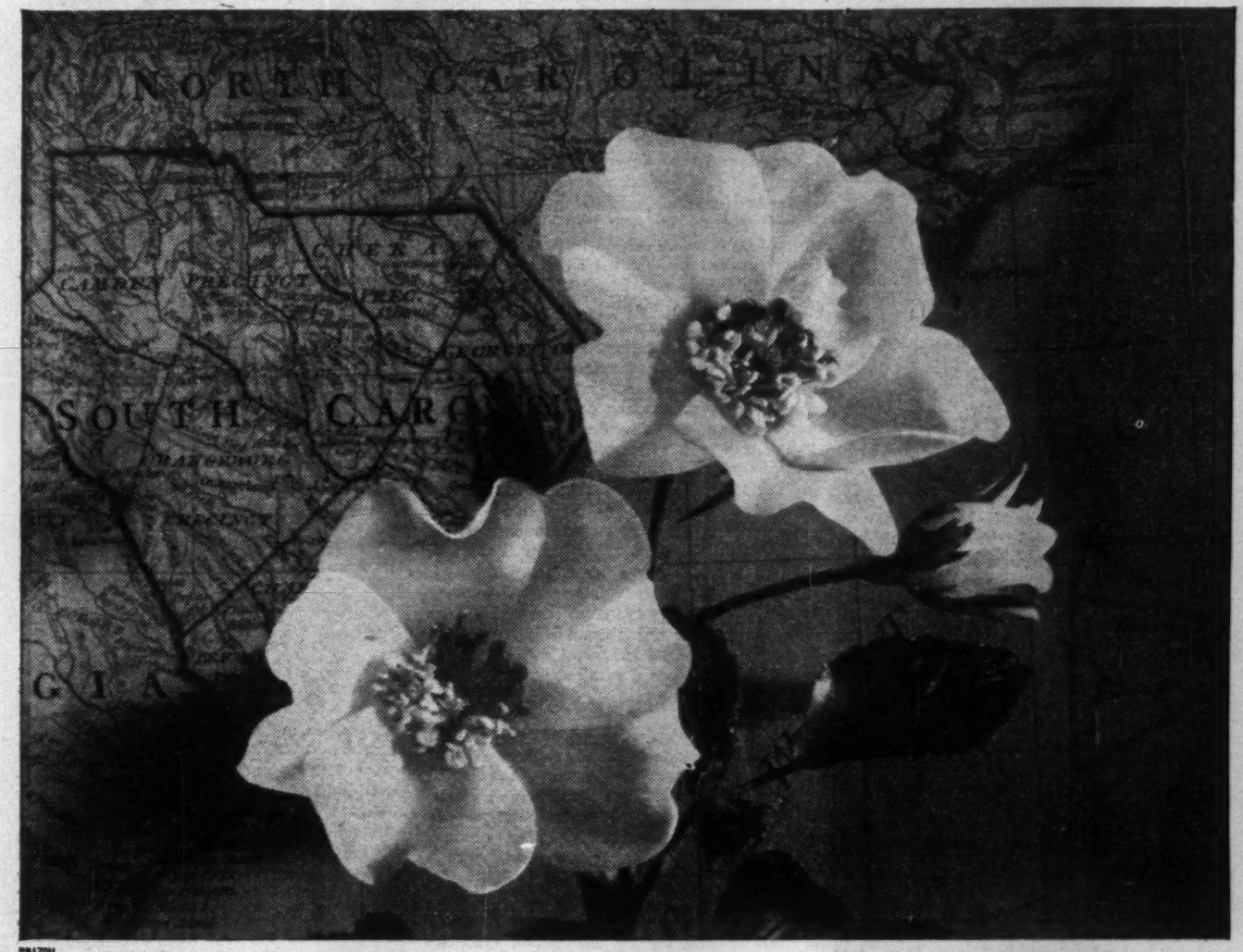
Many people in Europe regard America's build-up of conventional forces as merely futile. In fact it is logical. If trouble began, for instance, with East Germany about access to Berlin or if one of the present clashes in Berlin developed into a fight between American and Soviet troops, the West could resist with conventional forces (not using atomic warheads?) and there might be a brief period in which both sides hesitated to use nuclear weapons. The point was put to me this way. There are things that Krushchev can do safely, e.g. build a wall in Berlin. He knows too that an East German treaty would not in itself be an excuse for war. There are other things, e.g. trying to throw the allies out of West Berlin, which would certainly mean war. But there may also be a range of aggressive moves that Krushchev might think worth risking, if he were to over-step the limit, in the belief that America would not start a war in reply. He might be right, if America relied on nuclear weapons. But if the United States resisted with conventional weapons, he would have a chance of withdrawing. The moment might be short, but it might save the world from destruction. I suggested – and won agreement – that it would be a good idea for the President to have direct telephonic connection with Krushchev for use in such a supreme emergency.

America appears once more open to German blackmail. Always in the administration's mind is the danger that at some point West Germany might double-cross the West with a Rapallo policy or, I should say, with another Nazi-Soviet pact. Bonn plays on this fear. German complaints that America is giving too much away in Berlin contain this covert threat. De Gaulle's intransigence over Berlin is a sufficiently tough obstacle, but Adenauer's is probably more important – which is why the German Chancellor is now coming to Washington. I doubt if he is to be merely 'appeased'; but on the outcome of the discussions may depend whether the Berlin negotiations are to be resumed. It is reported that part of the price he will exact for agreeing to negotiate is that West Germany will not formally and permanently be denied her own nuclear weapons. The greatest disappointment with Kennedy is not the folly of Cuba, but his readiness once again to allow Adenauer and Chiang Kai-shek to exercise a veto on American policy.

But more is involved in the Washington-Bonn solidarity than this. Washington fears that Europe may lose its will to resist and therefore believes, above everything, in so integrating the western world under its leadership that there can be no danger of European and, above all, West German neutralism. For that reason Americans ardently foster the Common Market, and even talk, as a not remote possibility, about the United States becoming a member.

I asked how America would view it if Britain were to reject all nuclear defence. The reply was that the US would regret the withdrawal of American bases – especially

Yorkshire accent in North Carolina



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In a field in North Carolina where cotton once grew, a £20,000,000 chemical plant has now arisen. Here Fiber Industries Incorporated is producing a new synthetic fibre known as 'Fortrel' whose silk-like threads, cascading out of spinnerets, are going to textile mills throughout America. But among the voices to be heard above the whirr of machinery are some that are unmistakably English; for this is a joint venture by Britain's leading chemical company, I.C.I., and Celanese Corporation of America, in which experts from I.C.I.'s 'Terylene' polyester fibre plants in Yorkshire are supplying the scientific skills.

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the Polaris base – from the UK, but would be chiefly troubled by the grave effect of British neutralism on the morale of the western alliance. There was no pretence that in the event of nuclear war Britain would not be completely pulverised. We are expendable.

I returned from a macabre conversation on this topic and, in search of relief, turned on the TV. Would you believe it? The feature being shown was *Mrs Miniver*, that sentimental little drama, which was moving in the peculiar circumstances of Britain in 1940. The moral that courage and sacrifice will always see you through was not hidden even by the frequent interruptions of commercials advertising detergents and the latest limousines. Everyone in the play is very brave and keeps a stiff upper lip. The feudal head of the village becomes human and treats her inferiors nicely; several people (who ought to have been in shelters) are killed; Britain resumes its former life and everyone sings together: 'Sufficient is Thine arm alone And our defence is sure.'

London Diary

CHARON

No surprises left now. If Molotov arrives in London as a refugee, bringing with him Stalin's corpse as a present for the Imperial War Museum, I will fold my hands and say: 'This, of course, was only to be expected.' What odds would one not have laid – before 1956 anyway – against this seemingly inconceivable Kremlin double disgrace. De-Stalinisation remains for me the story of the century. Note that the date of Stalin's monstrosities has now got pushed back to 1934, the year of Kirov's mysterious murder, which, as Trotsky always insisted, touched off the great purges. Presumably Bukharin and Radek, always the intellectuals' favourite Bolsheviks, will be rehabilitated. And it looks as if Zhdanov is being posthumously disgraced along with his master. I never cared for his image. He bullied writers and musicians, and his defence of Leningrad, according to Alexander Werth, though stubborn, involved more suffering than was necessary. I think I find de-Molotovisation almost stranger than de-Stalinisation. Communists would, in private, sometimes admit that there was truth in Lenin's prophesy of Stalin: 'This cook will make too hot a dish.' But I never detected a whisper against Molotov. Indeed, I've more than once heard it suggested that Stalin was lazy and that Molotov was the real executive; everything efficient in the USSR could be traced to old Stonebottom's tireless industry. Not only that; but he was also portrayed as a civilising influence on the crafty Georgian ex-theological student. I wonder whether that theological seminary in Tiflis may not have been responsible for quite a lot. I picture it as something like the one in Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir*, where the atmosphere was so incurably paranoid.

* * *

The obituarists's clichés are often maddening; sometimes they amount to anti-truths. 'A robust, swashbuckling, romantic personality,' said *The Times* of Augustus John. The three epithets, in a sense individually true, give a curiously false impression; 'melancholy, diffident, classical', would certainly be less misleading. John could be testy, now and again, but the most frequent impression he made on you was one of gentleness and courtesy. His affinity for shy creatures, gipsies and wild animals, was no accident. His wit was pleasingly dry. You get plenty of it in his beautifully written autobiography, especially, perhaps, the account of his pursuit by Madame Strindberg. It seems fitting that the last cause which this 'swashbuckler' supported was nuclear disarmament and the continuation of the human race.

* * *

I am so salted against doom these days that I seldom react to an individual pronouncement; but last Sunday at the Committee of 100's 'At Home' in Trafalgar Square Bertrand Russell got me on the hop. Standing bolt upright on the dark plinth with his white hair faintly ruffled by the wind, he was like an intellectual Solomon Eagle. After deploring the Russian abominations, he swung into a sudden and documented denunciation of American global strategy. As far as I know, only the *Guardian* reported his speech. His quote from the US Air Force Association's statement of policy (see p.638 of this issue) was the most scarifying death-wish testimony I've heard yet. The affinity between the Sixties and the Thirties is almost palpable in Trafalgar Square. Last Sunday seemed strangely reminiscent of any one of the autumn 1936 demonstrations in support of the Spanish Republic. Then, you sometimes used to feel there was some hope, although something very nasty was bound to happen. I always went away from demos in the Thirties with the harsh crackle in my ear of a certain one-legged pamphlet seller: 'It's got to get worse before it gets better.' Today, we know this doesn't work.

* * *

There is one side of the Committee of 100's activities, the lost job or student grant, which has been rather under-publicised. Demonstrations and arrests make news, but nobody pays much attention to the most obvious sacrifices which some young demonstrators have already made. I've been supplied with a list of them but I've been asked not to mention names, as personal publicity only makes it more difficult for the individuals. Here are some typical examples: One is a married man in his early twenties, a trainee at a Teachers' Training College. He now faces a serious charge following the Trafalgar demonstration. His education authority has told him they will probably continue his grant but that, if he is offered a fine or a bind-over, he must accept one or the other or he will lose his grant and be dismissed. A 19-year-old girl in her first year at a physical education training college appeared before the Sheriff after the Holy Loch demonstration. When she refused to pay her fine she was told that, if she persisted in this unco-operative attitude, her grant would be stopped and she would be expelled from the college. In London alone, there are at least ten cases of jobs which have been lost by nuclear-disarmers on the grounds that they were 'giving too much time and energy to extraneous affairs'.

* * *

Now that the Russian 50-megaton bomb has been identified, we can reassure ourselves that it is possible to distinguish between a nuclear explosion and an earthquake. The confusion this week was piquant. The trouble with earthquakes is: where do they occur? The famous San Francisco earthquake (in 1906) brought down acres of buildings and caused an enormous fire. Suppose an equivalent earthquake occurred today in or under an American city. What hope have we that the authorities could be persuaded in time that it was a natural disaster and not the onset of enemy action?

* * *

My latest vice is dialling WEA 2211. In these climatically treacherous days when a dawn temperature of 36 degrees may yet mount to a glowing, humid, blue and gold noon, we hypochondriacs need exact information. WEA 2211 is always right up to the minute. I do not transfer to her (or him: the sexes vary) as I did to TIM during the early golden-voice raptures. Our relations are strictly functional. But the addiction is there. It must be only a short step from the present time, weather and test-match information services to some sort of Mood or Affect feedback system. Dial DEP 1111 if you feel depressed. A quiet, detached, patient reassurer will then tell you: 'Stop hating yourself. Don't worry about worrying. The government psychiatrist says that anxiety is the indispensable whetstone to your scythe.' What I'd like to know is how many telephone voice addicts there are? I've heard of strange directory perverts who roam the pages and pick on victims whose names appeal. I've even known of one remarkable case in which an eccentric philanderer chose from the telephone directory a Miss Wellbeloved, made her acquaintance and proceeded over the course of the years to break her heart and cause her to emigrate to Canada.

* * *

The Zoo, while in process of reconstruction, is still grotesquely uncomfortable in its special English way. Several counters specialise in not selling tea. But the standard of animal-care is rising. Meanwhile, for winter warmth and eccentricity of all kinds, never miss the small mammal house. An elderly lady of sharply intellectual aspect, with yellow roses in her hat, is admonishing the Indian fruit-bats: not, I think, for that acrobatic promiscuity which they are said to have copied from cave-temple murals, but for squabbling. 'Stop it! Stop it at once, you two, or no grapes,' she says rapping on the bars. She seems to have authority, an FZS no doubt. She tells me about the lemurs she has adopted. 'Geoffrey, after Chaucer, of course, and Edgar after Edgar Wallace, my two favourite authors. When nobody's about I go into their cage and they dive-bomb me.'

Monkey house keepers tell you they all pretend to be indifferent to their charges but they admit this is only a professional facade. In fact they love some of them dearly. The vision of tough Camden Towners shedding tears of sympathy into the straw doesn't seem so far-fetched after you've met the six-year-old orang-utang and her six-month offspring clinging to her tawny orange fur. Mother with child at breast shambles out of her cage with that slow rounded gait characteristic of the species. She puts her incredibly long and strong arms round my neck and kisses me. 'She's missing her old man,' says her young keeper. 'She thinks you'll do.' A long snaky finger crooks under the door of the next cage. This is Charlie, the proud father. 'It's a shame,' says the keeper, 'but all old Charlie's allowed to see of his missus at present is her reflection in the mirror on his wall. We can't trust him with the nipper.' Charlie when interviewed was as gentle and sociable as his wife, until he abstracted my NEW STATESMAN with his off hind foot. Then he retired to a far corner to make a paper chase.

she can't have one without the other

Most people want the comfort of modern amenities—but few like the towers that bring the power to work them. What's the answer? Return to lamplight, peat fires and the washing tub? Bury the power lines and do away with the towers altogether? Attractive idea—just possible too, but at 17 times the cost—with its inevitable effect on your electricity bill. For the foreseeable future, transmission towers must stay. But they cannot be planted just anywhere. An Act of Parliament charges the Central Electricity Generating Board with a double duty: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible. Power lines are planned with forethought—by men who are as anxious as you are to keep this land green, pleasant . . . and up-to-date.

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This England

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Because she believed Christ was with her in her car, Mrs —— of Perivale-gardens, Watford, pleaded not guilty to driving unaccompanied and with no 'L' plates at Hendon Court on Monday.

'The invisible man was driving my car,' she said, 'and I know that was Christ who guided me. He was sitting there with me in the car and supervising my driving.'

'I am a Christian,' she said, 'and I know I have not done wrong.' – *Finchley Times and Guardian.* (P. Colbey.)

A health committee's report to the council recommends that unmarried expectant mothers, aged 16 or under, may stay at home from school longer than the usual 12 weeks. – *Daily Mail.* (J. Moody.)

Nott explained that he had not intended to drink the gin himself.

'I stole it because I needed the cash to give my dog a royal time on Sunday,' he explained to the bench.

'I buy him a chicken and he has both legs, both wings, and a bit of the breast. I also give him cream.' – *North Devon Journal-Herald.* (Margaret Hopkinson.)

She added that the chairman told her he was sorry to hear that she had let a flat to a taxi-driver as 'it would not be very nice for people on this estate to have to sit near a taxi-driver on the beach.' – *Daily Mail.* (Juliet A. Balfour.)

The Moronic Mass

BRIAN JACKSON

I have a problem. Earlier this year I was marking the examination papers of some 500 boys and girls. They were 17 or 18 years old, and many of them must have entered university this year. Almost all came from Grammar schools. My problem arose as I marked an essay paper which contained one excellent question. The students were asked to discuss the proposition that people in Britain today were 'a near-moronic mass', who were 'spoonfed with opinions' and enamoured of a 'baseless popular culture'. Was it true?

After I had marked the papers I realised they were a curious index of social attitudes. Of the 400 or so papers exactly 100 answered this question.

ARE THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN A 'NEAR-MORONIC MASS'?

Yes	36	=61 per cent
Yes, almost	15	
Yes, but not me and people like me	10	
No	35	
Not grouped	4	
	100	

Every quotation I now use is from a different essay, very many by likely university or training college candidates.

The 'Yes' group offered flat and conclusive statements, decorated by personal anecdote and recent newspaper stories. They began with comments of this kind. 'A near-moronic mass is an *excellent* description of our society', and: 'It is a fact that in general the intelligence quota of the mass of people is low.'

The 'Yes, almost' and the 'Yes, but not me' schools of thought pursued their analyses more deeply, and were fairly lucid about who exactly the 'near-morons' were. This group seemed to contain many of the most talented candidates. Sometimes they took the general view and said, for example: 'The people I mean are the working class.'

The trouble here was that 'no longer do the workers have the same moral principles as their fellows in earlier times – the thought that unless they earn their wages by hard work they are stealing from their employers, does not enter their heads'. Or that some of them caused 'riots and strikes and various forms of unpleasantness', instead of 'being content, and leading lives like others of the lower classes.'

But even these latter easily fell from grace. Consider this: 'They will go out and buy whatever commodity the television tells them is best, and the actual use trade unions make of them is a pharce.' Such 'near-morons' are thought to live in 'a vicious circle of television, the public house, and work in a factory or mine. Thus a general apathy, except when the problem of wage claims arises, prevails.'

More frequently the writers defined the 'near-morons' in terms of their own age group. Consider these comments:

'The near-moronic mass! – one's mind is instantly cast on to the vast number of teenagers who left school as soon as possible.'

'There can be little doubt however that many pupils of secondary mod. schools leave school emotionally moronic.'

These more privileged adolescents looked across the gulf between grammar school and secondary modern, and loftily surveyed the commercial culture which, they felt, was designed for sale to the masses. There was no reference in any essay suggesting that the false and shallow values of this commercial culture also extended into middle-class life and entertainment. The 'morons' were a 'market', but not themselves. And so detailed diatribes against public house and pop singer concluded with such remarks as: 'It is this which leads the observer of a higher intellect to describe them as morons.'

The aplomb was characteristic. So was the sense of belonging to the Grammar school intelligentsia: 'Yes, except for a few intellectuals we are a near-moronic mass. . .'

'Fortunately "thinking people" usually occupy high positions in our country and government. . . .'

'Classes today are no longer founded on money. Classes nowadays are divided by the subject of ability. . . .'

But for all that these adolescents talked in very old-fashioned class terms. 'Inequality of "classes" is also essential, for the majority must work day in and day out in order that a few people may be truly civilised.' To them, the mark of the superior classes was their independence of mind, their individuality: 'The upper class has its own decidedly individual opinions, and the middle-class people are usually broadminded.'

But as for those below, working-class and secondary modern, they were simply 'those in life whose aim is purely mercenary', or 'sheep in a herd of sheep – an attraction which cannot be explained except that it is probably the result of being pampered by a far too generous welfare state'. Again: 'these people no longer have the will-power to do anything which will raise them to a higher standard of intelligence'.

For a body of writers eager to discuss their own individuality of opinion, there was a remarkable unity of social attitude. As a whole, these 61 boys and girls saw contemporary society as a secondary modern/working-class mass redeemed only by an exclusive Grammar school intelligentsia. The mass was idle, pampered, ungrateful and greedy.

This group perplexes me; my problem is how to mark their work. Of course there were 35 who opposed such views. Their argument was often cogent, many times warm and humane, and what they offered was about people and not stereotypes. Here is one. 'My father who has had no further education, is better than his father, who I understand, killed himself by working all the time down the pit. Calling the people of this country "morons" always gets my back up, and I don't suppose I have offered much concrete evidence to prove they aren't, but I know they aren't.'

This quotation is not altogether representative. Few of the 'No' group wrote as strongly as this, hardly any risked common language ('gets my back up') rather than polite, mandarin prose ('It is this which leads the observer of a higher intellect . . .'). No one else declared a personal stake in working-class life, and wrote with quite this authority – *'I know they aren't.'* But there was opposition to the prevailing attitudes. The opposition weakened however when the essays considered 'spoon-feeding' and 'popular culture'.

ARE PEOPLE MERELY 'SPOONFED WITH OPINIONS'?

Yes	43	= 75 per cent
Yes, almost always	23	
Yes, but not me and people like me	9	
No, they also have minds of their own	25	
	100	

How does one mark such essays within the prevailing ethos? For it is fairly clear that the more gifted candidates do not group themselves in the 'No' category, and the weaker ones in the 'Yes' category. There was plenty of other evidence to show that the assessment was far more complicated than this. A good many of these quotations come from extremely talented boys and girls. My dilemma was that the more I attended to these scripts, the more I tried to grasp what every candidate was offering and distinguish between them, the more I was conscious that after all I was not marking this boy or that girl, but an educational system and a society which fostered and preserved it.

I tumbled on this odd index of social values quite by accident. But surely it must be there all the time? Is it a reflection of their parents' frozen attitudes? Is this what university entrants really think? Or is it written merely to please teachers and examiners? How do otherwise fine minds come to be imprisoned by social stereotypes after so many years of Grammar school education?

Consider this last and revealing quotation. 'There is the moronic mass who "think" alike, dress alike, and act alike, so that individuality fades away till they become puppets. But we tend to forget the many students who pass Advanced Level each year and go on to university, gain their degree, and take up some worthwhile occupation.'

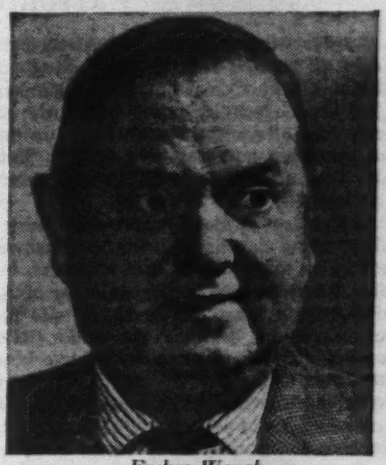
But to what ends will specialised university work be turned by minds with this quality of social thinking? And what 'worthwhile occupation' will the girl who wrote this last piece take up? Teaching? And then does it begin all over again?

FICTION

Crouchback's Guilt

by NIGEL DENNIS

EVELYN WAUGH, **Unconditional Surrender.** Chapman & Hall, 18s.



Evelyn Waugh

THIS title has been chosen well. With the years Evelyn Waugh's prose has gone from economical to spare, from spare to bony, from bony to stony. Now, his very Muse is stark. If she reaches for nothing more coquettish than the odd comma, Mr. Waugh frowns and strikes it from her.

The surrender is to austerity. And in this, the last volume of his war trilogy, it is absolutely unconditional.

Mr. Waugh seems to have gone this way for two reasons. Firstly, his interest in the proper use of prose — which he regards as a Roman sword rather than a bagging-hook — has led him to a chilling and piercing extreme of precision. Secondly, his subject matter, the conclusion of the second world war, seems to have struck him as so completely abominable that he needed the utmost discipline in order to discuss it at all. It was heartbreak or deep-freeze. Mr. Waugh chose the frigid canister.

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The result is a model novel of its kind, although its awful precision is obtrusive, each word fitting into place as in a primer, each head falling in the basket as gently as ham from the grocer's spinning knife. But these painful effects are deliberate. Mr. Waugh is out to demonstrate bitter wrongs, the chief of which he calls, simply, "the dismemberment of Christendom."

"Men At Arms," the first of the trilogy, declared ardently: "The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful . . . Whatever the outcome there was a place for him in that battle." But **Unconditional Surrender** begins with the Sword of Stalingrad, Britain's gift to her Russian ally, standing on display in Westminster Abbey "hard by the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor."

The people of England don't think that this is a bad place to put the Sword before forwarding it to Stalin. They venerate it "as the symbol of their own generous and spontaneous emotion." Even the Times has moved with it, printing a profound poem ("I saw the Sword of Stalingrad, Then bowed down my head from the Light of it . . ."), and Time & Tide has not waited to make it "the subject of this week's literary competition . . . a sonnet."

★

Mr. Waugh is our greatest satirist and, as such, is bound to be elated by the idea that "Uncle Joe's" Sword moves people to believe that God's in His heaven, all's right with the world. But as a religious man — and "Unconditional Surrender" is primarily a religious book — there is no bottom to the contempt he feels for this almost uncanny confusion of values.

Mr. Waugh began his career as a chronicler of Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites. For him, swords are weapons used in true causes by legendary saints and pious knights. The whole of "Unconditional Surrender" turns on this belief. The whole of its satire is directed against those who rejected this belief in the decades before the second war, or who prostituted it in the name of victory.

Guy Crouchback, Mr. Waugh's hero, is about Mr. Waugh's own age. His youth was contemporary with the "Bright Young Things" of the 1920s, one of whom, Virginia, he had the misfortune to marry. It is this same Crouchback, now 40, who stands in the snow in Jugoslavia listening to a Jewish refugee expatiating on what caused the war.

It was not only the Nazis, she says. The Communists wanted war, in order to extend their power. Many Jews wanted war, "to be revenged on the Germans, to hasten the creation of the national state." Even "good men thought their private honour would be satisfied by war. . . . They would accept hardships in recompense for having been selfish and lazy."

"God forgive me, I was one of them," is Crouchback's reply.

"Unconditional Surrender" describes coolly the price that Crouchback has to pay for past sins of selfishness and laziness. He must suffer the mental anguish of knowing that the Jewess who enlightened him has been exterminated by a "People's Court"—because of her innocent association with him. And when the sluttish Virginia, from whom he has lived apart for years, returns to him pregnant by a phoney war-hero, Crouchback must take her to his arms, accept her child as his own, let it be christened with his father's name.

★

The rage that this will arouse in readers is of no interest to Mr. Waugh. He has stated a moral position. He is not concerned with screams — though when he anticipates them he never minds adding the few extra paragraphs that will make them louder.

But this is a novel in which sinners prosper. And the chief sinners, for Mr. Waugh, are the time-servers, the counterfeiters, the officers who play safe, the statesmen who cook the deals, who give a sword to "Uncle Joe" and a whole nation to Tito.

By comparison with these a mere slut like Virginia is likeable — and Mr. Waugh takes pains to make her likeable. Having done so and converted her to Catholicism, he blows her to bits with a bomb. The same bomb fragments Mrs. Powers, that excellent charwoman, and Uncle Peregrine, one of Mr. Waugh's finest character studies.

One realises, of course, that the "dismemberment of Christendom" is the thing to worry about. But even Christians should not be dismembered too readily. It opens the door to schism.

One of the interesting things about Mr. Waugh's novel is that his quarrel, throughout, is not at all with that part of society called "the people". He rather takes it for granted that "the people" are bound to go wherever bounders lead them. Sometimes they call themselves "Partisans" and strut about with bandoliers. They chalk slogans on walls. They adore "Uncle Joe's" shiny sword.

But, whatever they do, they do not command the spirit of evil. Evil is upper class. It belongs to a good club. It has relations in Scotland. It talks turkey — to Tito. It is what proletarian novelists have been saying for years — and they would learn to say it much better if they modelled their prose on Mr. Waugh's.

Such a review will show, perhaps, the sort of writer Mr. Waugh has become. It may show, too, why nobody can feel very comfortable with him — and this by reason of his highest qualities as well as his extreme bleakness. But since Mr. Waugh has been adamant in declaring which virtues matter to him, the reviewer has a duty to thank him and to praise respectfully the shifty, wheeling landscape-with-bandits that is his book.

It takes courage as well as boundless asperity to speak out as Mr. Waugh does, particularly at a time when Pre-Raphaelite themes are not propounded much in Hyde Park.

This is a reprint from the latest edition of The Sunday Telegraph. More and more discriminating readers are enjoying its literary pages. Recent contributors include Nicholas Blake, Rebecca West, Peter Fleming, Lord David Cecil and Drew Middleton. For the most interesting book reviews, read The **Sunday Telegraph** *every Sunday.*

The Lion's Share

RITCHIE CALDER

A game conservationist in East Africa tells the story of how he took his small daughter to Rome. At the Colosseum, he bought her one of those technicoloured postcards of imperial lions devouring the Christians in the arena. She burst into tears and sobbed: 'But, daddy, look at that poor lion which hasn't got a Christian!'

There is a text in that. Our present 'civilisation' is making alarming inroads upon nature. That applies to all our natural resources, including the animals. Since the beginning of the Christian era at least 100 species of wild life have become as dead as the dodo (RIP: Mauritius, 1681); and of those 38 have been extinguished in the past 50 years. That is an uncouth end to evolutionary processes extending over millions of years.

Concern about wild life in Africa is special because on that continent have survived in remarkable variety the great animals of the mountain jungle (like the gorilla); of the savannah plains (like the lion, the elephant, the buffalo, the giraffe, the wildebeeste, the rhinoceros and the zebra); and of the swamps (like the hippopotamus and the crocodile) and the smaller animals which ecologically co-exist with the big game. This free-ranging menagerie is threatened in many ways, including at the moment the ugliest kinds of wanton destruction. It is reckoned by sober observers that the African rhino, at the present rate of killing, will be extinct within five years.

And for what? So that sexually-tired orientals can foster illusions of virility. Rhino horn is supposed to have aphrodisiac properties. It fetches £5 a pound weight (£30 per rhino, the two horns of which, on average, weigh six pounds) at the auctions in Mombasa, but sells for as much as £100 a pound in Singapore and Hong Kong. Pharmacologically it has no effect whatever on potency; the horn is no more than densely matted hair – a hirsute wart – and the dockings of horse-tail would be just as good or as meaningless. It seems a bit hard that this Pleistocene relic should be irreparably lost in erotic fantasy. Yet for this and nothing else, these lumbering creatures are killed. They are speared, have poisoned arrows shot into them or, worse still, are snared and left to die an agonising death. The horns are taken and the carcases left to rot. The white rhino is already verging on extinction. The black rhino is being killed in Kenya at the rate of 1,000 a year.

'Poaching' is too mild a word for this scale of ruthless massacre, which extends to the elephants in order that their tusks may be used as ivory or their feet turned into waste-paper baskets; to the crocodiles for a strip of their underbellies; to the wildebeestes for their tails, to be used as fly whisks; to the zebras and giraffes, for their skins to be used as rugs or for bedroom slippers. It is not so much the end-products, trivial though most of them are, but the methods which are reprehensible. The poachers are Africans; but it is the non-Africans who are responsible for the traffic, without which killings would be restricted to meat. There may be a warrior-daring in confronting big game with a spear. There is traditional justification for the use of arrows tipped with poisons so virulent that a bull-elephant will die in quarter of an hour. The white hunter has provided the African with an excuse for the gun – and for the thousands of home-made muskets which have been perilously contrived. But the horror is the snare.

Hundreds of those snares are collected by the game wardens around water-holes and along the beaten tracks of the migrating animals. They are made of fence-wire, which is openly sold in suitable lengths for snares. They are hidden in the elephant grass or the bushes, or slung from trees. The animals get caught by the leg, by the throat or round the shoulders. The more they struggle, the more vicious become the nooses. The tightening wire will cut through leathery hide and flesh to the bone. Animals have been known to wrench a foot off to escape. Even when, after an agonising struggle, the victim breaks the wire or uproots the shrub or stake, it can escape only to gangrene and crippled death.

Elephants are frequently caught by the trunk while browsing among the leaves of trees. They will tear off part of the trunk in desperation. In Murchison Falls Park, the game sanctuary, there is an elephant which did that. An elephant needs its trunk to collect its food. This one cannot wrench up the grass or forage from bushes. It stands in the Victoria Nile and uses the stump of its trunk to sweep floating vegetation into its mouth. Elephants will surround a trapped comrade until he dies. They have been known to pull the tusks from the corpse and to smash the ivory to smithereens on the rocks. Wardens claim that the elephants *know* that all their persecutors want is the ivory, and so they destroy it.

Countless thousands of animals suffer in this way. Only a fraction of the traps are ever revisited. The poachers lay them in profusion and then collect only what is convenient. The rest of the victims are left to their agonies and the carrions. Even the animals who find sanctuary are not really safe. Around Serengeti, the great national park in Tanganyika, marauders lie in wait. No national park is big enough to include the migrations and when the herds move out of the park northwards to the Mara River they are ambushed. The massacre is highly organised. The Africans are paid to do the killing, but the collection is motorised. The master-minds behind the traffic, who are Europeans and Indians, send trucks to prearranged points and carry the spoil to the coast where it is shipped out in dhows – under the noses of the authorities.

Far inside Murchison Falls Park, near the sources of the White Nile, poachers do their work. They come up the Victoria Nile by night in dug-out canoes with muffled punt-poles. They steal past the lookouts at Paraa, and weave through thousands of hippos which wallow in the river, to the pool just below the Falls. There where the water pours through an 18-foot gap and cascades down 150 feet, crocodiles by the hundred lie on the mud-banks. The killers blind the crocodiles by flashing powerful (and expensive) torches in their eyes and, as they gape helplessly, thrust spears down their throats. And all for a sliver of skin from the underbelly for womens' shoes and handbags. The wardens find it hard to blame the Africans and, when the killing is for meat, they make excuses for them. They are very bitter, however, about the commercial interests which promote this heinous traffic and about the failure of the authorities to take effective measures against the brutes who profit.

Poaching is only one of the many threats to wild-life. This year nature itself has taken a hand. East Africa has had the worst drought in living memory. Shallow lakes and water holes of the Great Rift region have shrunk or dried up. The flamingoes, in their colourful migrations up and down the Valley, have perforce had to congregate in the restricted lakes, where they died of hunger and exhaustion or were too weak to evade the predatory marabou storks. On the great plains with the pastures already parched, all kinds of animals, in search of water, have to follow the elephants who, in the precarious ecology, play their role by digging, with tusk and trunk, to find water under the dry river beds.

To this desperate situation have been added the needs of man. The human and animal populations of the nomadic tribes have multiplied because medical and veterinary medicines and vaccines have reduced the diseases of people and domesticated animals. They too have to go in search of pastures and water. One of the most extraordinary and pathetic sights is to see the Masai tribesmen and their herds mingling with the big game which have migrated great distances to the Ngorongoro Crater and competing with them for food and water. In the process they destroy, perhaps beyond recovery, the herbage on which the lives of all depend.

The lion must have his share but man too is part of the natural ecology and his needs, and appropriate measures of population control, must be taken into account in any conservation measures. The Masai, those tall tribesmen with their ochred hair in tight plaits like a mop, their brown togas and their long spears, have come in for a good deal of criticism. These Nilo-Hamitics, with their humped cattle which they brought so many centuries ago from the Nile Valley, are no longer warriors. They cannot extend their pastoral ranges by conquest. They are confined to an area of Kenya and Tanganyika which is quite inadequate for nomadic grazing. They have to share the Serengeti region with the wild animals, which have a large sanctuary, but they complain that these animals invade their tribal districts, bringing veterinary diseases which infect the cattle and consequently force the Masai to retreat into the inhospitable uplands.

Chief Edward, the giant leader of 57,000 Masai, and their representative in the legislature of Tanganyika, defends his people with the eloquence of an educated African. The Masai keep their cattle for meat and for milk, but also for the blood-letting which gives them their traditional diet of blood and milk. Against all charges he proudly claims that his people never kill wild animals for meat or for profit but only when it is necessary to protect their herds. He gave the assurance, which some think will be difficult to implement, that his tribe would turn from patriarchal nomadism to ranching and proper range management if they could be adequately provided with dams for the watering of their herds, and if they could get the help of experts.

Some Africans are pretty wry about the new concern of the Americans and the Europeans for the wild life of Africa, considering the destruction of animals which followed the intervention of white men. It was not just the hunters and the trophy-seekers, but the systematic shooting to clear vast tracks of country for ranches or for settlement. One of the most

misguided of such experiments was the killing of countless thousands of animals of all sizes and types to arrest tsetse-borne diseases, which threatened ranching in Rhodesia. A great swathe of country 20 miles wide was fenced off and within it every wild beast was destroyed because in their blood they carried with immunity the trypanosomes which the bite of the tsetse fly fatally transfers to man and his domesticated animals. Similar measures have been used in Uganda. They have not proved really effective and the beasts have been sacrificed in vain.

There was a suggestion at the recent Arusha Conference on the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, warmly endorsed by the Africans, that a monument should be raised to the tsetse fly – the 'Saviour of Africa'. Some 3,750,000 square miles is in fief to the fly. Wild animals survive its bite but humans and their domesticated flocks and herds do not. The great national parks of Uganda, Murchison Falls Park and Queen Elizabeth Park are 'bequests' of the tsetse. Fifty years ago there was a plague of tsetse and some 47,000 people – together with their animals – died of sleeping sickness. The lands were abandoned to the game. With extraordinary sensibility, the Africans realise that, until they can get their people better instructed in proper soil-husbandry and range-management, it is better to leave the tsetse alone.

They are also constructively concerned in the culling and cropping of wild life. This is an important piece of new thinking and offers a substantial contribution of animal protein to Africans, desperately in need of it. It is a sensible reconciliation of the conservation of wild life and its habitat with the feeding of the human population. In Africa under natural conditions wild animals make a use of vegetation in a way in which domesticated animals do not. The considerable swine population – bush hogs, wart-hogs, and so on – root underground for truffles and tubers. There are the grazing animals which selectively eat the ground herbage, the browsing animals which eat the shrubs, and there are the elephants and the giraffes whose diet is among the treetops. Domesticated animals can only graze or, like the goats, destroy the shrubs. In nature the eating habits are thus in balance, and the vegetation is converted into animal protein. The vegetarians include the elephant which can weigh five to six tons, the hippo, which is 30 hundredweight of 'pork' and the buffalo which is 1,500 pounds of 'beef'. Africans enjoy the flesh of these animals, as well as that of antelopes and deer.

In the national parks and game reserves, the animals multiply, under protection, to a point which is self-destructive. As their numbers increase, they exceed the carrying capacity of the reserves and devastate their habitat. I drove recently through one reserve where there were 14,000 elephants, and the ravages were plainly visible. On a seven-mile stretch of the Victoria Nile, I travelled by launch among over 1,000 hippos; and the banks on which they pastured had been trampled and over-grazed to the point where the hippos themselves had to travel miles inland to feed in competition with the animals of the plains.

In the interest of the animals themselves, the numbers ought to be kept down by selective killing, and this can yield very large quantities of animal protein for human consumption. The main trouble is how to get the meat of the range animals to market; but there are already schemes in East Africa for travelling abattoirs and the conversion of the wild meat into meat-meal. Wild meat can play as big a part in the economy of the new African countries as the tourist trade which wild life attracts. The latter is important. In Kenya it represents £7m a year. And there can still be controlled hunting – provided that the Africans, through their local authorities, get their fair share.

The irony of all this is that the Africans, to the surprise of most of the conservationists who went to Arusha to reason with them, are much more aware of the need for saving their wild life than their 'protectors' have been for the past century. The Arusha Manifesto proposed by Julius Nyerere avowed: 'In accepting the trusteeship of our wild life, we will do everything in our power to make sure that our children's grandchildren will be able to enjoy this rich and precious inheritance.' The gratification with which the European and American visitors hailed this manifesto surprised the Africans. A Sudanese scientist reminded them that in his country, as in Ancient Egypt, people identified themselves with birds and animals as the totems of their clans. A Zulu, a technical officer from Rhodesia's grain reserves, unselfconsciously proclaimed: 'I am an elephant!' It was the totem of his tribe and he gave a moving account of his experience as a child in his kraal.

He told how his grandfather would gather the children around him and tell them of the days before the great beasts had been driven from his tribal lands. In tears he would recall the lions, the elephants, the herds of antelopes and the processions over the plains. And he taught the children the song of the beasts. The Zulu delegate made mouth-music as he had done as a child at his grandfather's knee, and in his song the Arusha delegates could hear the trampling and trumpeting of the elephants, the scurry of the deer, the call of the hyenas and the chattering of the apes.

The new governments of Africa are beginning to adopt an attitude which is a reminder and a reproach to the rest of the world which, in developing a materialist civilisation, has squandered their natural resources. They will need, and they have asked for, international help through the United Nations agencies, to repair the damage already done and to promote measures of conservation which will restore an ecology where man will go fair shares with the lion.

Famine in Tanganyika

T. F. BETTS

The disastrous failure of the rains during last year and the infestation of army worm which followed have produced a famine situation in Tanganyika which is already a national calamity and which has yet to reach its peak. This is the inescapable conclusion from the facts revealed to me during a tour of the territory just completed on behalf of the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. The effects are being most severely felt in the Central Province, where I had the opportunity of carrying out a detailed investigation, but parts of the Northern and Tanga provinces are increasingly affected.

A calamity of this nature does not hit a territory with the dramatic suddenness of a hurricane or a flood, since famine is a creeping process. Ever since last May, as local food supplies in district after district have become progressively exhausted, these districts have been formally declared Famine Relief Areas. Thanks to the generosity of the United States government in supplying large tonnages of surplus maize and dried milk, delivered free at Tanganyika ports, and to a most efficient local system of distribution, actual human mortality from starvation has been averted.

In the declared districts, adult Africans, in return for a basic ration of maize for themselves and their dependents, and of milk when available, are expected, on the principle of self-help, to mobilise themselves for relief works, hand labour on roads, small dams and grazing clearance schemes. For their work, in addition to rations, they receive a token payment of 1s 6d a day with which they are expected to purchase such other essential foodstuffs as are available and to meet their tax obligations. In the Central Province alone there are 188 such work projects; the supervision and cost of these, and the storage and distribution of American maize from ports to points of consumption up-country, are imposing a heavy burden on the administration and crippling the country's finances on the eve of independence.

By early October more than 300,000 individuals had come under the emergency ration system, and the half-million mark will be passed by the end of the year. During this period also, it is anticipated that up to half of the three million cattle, sheep and goats in the Central Province alone will perish. And although human mortality is likely to be averted, the consequences of accentuated malnutrition on the meagre diet which is all the government can afford will be serious indeed. The rations of one pound of maize a day for each adult, plus two ounces of milk when available (with lesser amounts for children), fall well short of the calory and protein requirements calculated by the medical department as the minimum for subsistence. With milk supplies at present inadequate, moreover, and reaching only the 40 per cent of the children attending school, the vitamin deficiency is acute. We may therefore expect a serious increase of deep ulcers and the eye diseases, often involving blindness, to which these deficiencies are contributory and which are already prevalent among the young people in these areas.

But at the national level, the financial consequences are just as serious. In a personal letter Mr Julius Nyerere, the Prime Minister, told me: 'The cost of the emergency food distribution alone is now estimated at £250,000. The additional cost of emergency works designed to maintain the principle of self-help and to provide a minimum income for those in want will be at least a further £750,000. . . . Obviously we must spend this money to stop our people from starving, but I am sure you will realise the serious strain this puts upon our resources. Extra expenditure of this magnitude must inevitably disrupt our development programme which itself is already too small. Any steps you can take to get emergency help for us will be very welcome.'

Last Monday, on the basis of my report, an all-party group of MPs interviewed the Colonial Secretary to intercede for emergency aid. If the government remains adamant, as it has hitherto, and it becomes necessary to launch a public appeal, it is to be hoped that there will be a generous response from all who wish Tanganyika well.

Coming Out Worse

K. P. O'DONNELL

When a spokesman for the Prison Commissioners admits in public that a man may come out of prison worse than he went in, it is certain that there is something radically wrong with the whole administration. This admission was recently made by Mr Friend, counsel for the Prison Commissioners, at a public inquiry at Bisley, Surrey, where the Commissioners propose to build a new prison. To re-inforce Mr Friend's case, one of the Prison Commissioners added that 'last night there were 7,000 men sleeping three to a cell'.

The Commissioners are in a fix. The warders are discontented. The public is baffled by the continuous increase in crime. Magistrates' courts are so congested that grave doubts are permissible on the administration of justice. And while the Law Society has hard things to say on the methods of the police, especially in extracting pleas of guilty, the public is disgusted that officers of the law should themselves behave like professional bullies as they did recently in Trafalgar Square when they believed the TV cameras and the press had retired for the night. Perhaps it is a pity that the prisoners themselves have no union or Old Boys' Association, for the majority of men released earnestly desire to avoid trouble again, to live decent lives and to pull their weight in society. But what sort of a deal do they get?

I believe there is more ignorance and hypocrisy about conditions in British prisons than on any other subject of public importance. I believe the prison authorities deliberately camouflage evils for no better reason than that the Home Secretary has neither the good sense nor the power to look behind the scenes and to introduce 20th-century methods to solve 20th-century problems.

My own professional work is Method Study, that is to say devising ways and means of reducing costs and raising productivity. In prison my first task was to wax thread for mail bags, my second to weed a patch of garden and to re-plant the weeds so that my mate had something to do. In the Canvas Shop my neighbour was a welder. In the garden my fellow-workers were a paint-sprayer, a cabinet-maker, a book-keeper, a solicitor and a jockey. Was there no work more suited to the skills and trades of these men than pulling up groundsel and grass? Is the object of imprisonment not merely to punish but to destroy the souls of men who ardently desire to help support their families and to put by a few pounds against the crucial period after their release?

I can think of no case where the smallest attempt was made either to train a man in new skills or, with the sole exception of unskilled labourers ordered to break up blocks of concrete and carry sacks of cement, to keep him up-to-date in the trade or profession he was employed in at the time of his conviction.

Every prison is supposed to have a Labour Board. That Board is required to classify men and to employ them according to their normal occupations. In practice a prisoner is systematically denied the right to do productive work. He is refused the right to contribute to his own keep and to aid his family. He is encouraged to pretend to be busy while wasting time and materials. He is given no opportunity to prepare for his release which, in the absence of an effective after-care service, is a time of confusion, misery and temptation. Indeed men may come out of prison worse than they went in. But over-crowding is only a small part of the trouble. The greater evil is the archaic attitude of the authorities towards productive work, adequate pay for work well done and good conduct, and preparation for freedom.

At frequent intervals the press receives second-hand news about the pernicious activities of 'Tobacco Barons'. But why do these parasites exist and upon whom do they feed? They exist because cigarettes assuage hunger and calm the nerves. They thrive because the average pay of a prisoner is 3s. 6d. weekly, which, after paying for a stamp and a compulsory deduction for the cinema, is no more than enough to buy half an ounce of tobacco and a packet of cigarette papers. Thus a careful smoker may make his weekly purchase last for four days out of the seven, the government having taken the equivalent of 440 per cent in purchase tax. Tobacco is currency, a given number of 'roll-ups' (pencil-thin cigarettes) equalling a spoonful of sugar, a spread of jam or an egg – from those on special diet.

No prisoner is permitted to have cash in his possession. To be found in possession of even sixpence is to invite a week on bread and water in solitary confinement, loss of remission and forfeiture of pay. But what objection could there be to payment by paper or metal tokens, to the building up of credits against release, to payments on a scale that would give prisoners an incentive and, at the same time, instil a sense of responsibility in handling money and property? Would the taxpayer be hurt by such an advance? He would not. Would society gain? Almost certainly. Who stands to lose? Only the authorities – the Home Office staff, the governors, their deputies and the warders: and the whole Establishment in fact which is averse to suggestion, intolerant of criticism and impatient, even vindictive, when prisoners have the temerity to suggest how labour and materials could be saved and conditions made less intolerable for inmates and staff alike.

Correspondence

THE LABOUR LEFT

SIR, – Mr John Saville (whose collaboration with Dr Miliband in the composition of *Parliamentary Socialism* I should have mentioned in my review) challenges me, since I reject both his diagnosis of Labour's sickness and his cure, to make a 'pithy statement' of my own view of what has gone wrong during the last ten years, and how to put it right. Since my review was already long enough, I did not want to extend it by airing my own opinions. But, if the exercise will clarify the important issue that divides us, here goes.

(1) The fundamental reasons for Labour's failures in the 1950s were economic and social – in particular the development of an affluent society, which made it extremely difficult to arouse popular enthusiasm either for a Socialist analysis or for Socialist measures. This situation was exploited with great skill by British Conservatism.

(2) It is probably true that once Lord Attlee had made the fatal decision to go to the country in the autumn of 1951, Labour had no chance of regaining office during this decade, whatever we said or did.

(3) In these circumstances it is my belief – argued at length in a Fabian Pamphlet, *Labour and the Affluent Society* – that our wisest course would have been to behave not as *the alternative government* but as a *fighting opposition*, prepared to remain in the wilderness until events undermined popular faith in the Establishment and confirmed our radical criticisms. What we should have concentrated on between elections was not propaganda to the apathetic voter, but the education of a cadre of active Socialists who really understood the contradictions of the affluent society, and who could explain to the electorate how those contradictions can and must be overcome by the next Labour government.

One of the features of *Parliamentary Socialism* is the contempt the authors display for those of us who believe in political education, which they describe at one point as 'a new form of *attentisme*'. As I indicated in my review, it is this contempt, combined with their hankering for direct action, which vitiates what could otherwise have been a really useful critique of the Labour Party.

Mr Saville complains of my reference to 'tendentious distortion and misquotation'. The complaint is legitimate. Since there is no question of the authors ever tampering with the text of quotations, my use of the word 'misquotation' was unjustifiable. I withdraw it with apologies to both of them and substitute what I meant, and what I should have written in the first place: 'tendentious distortion and misuse of quotations'. In response to Mr Saville's demand, I will give one example of each.

First, tendentious quotation. In several passages the phrase 'tentative, doctrineless Socialism' is used in quotes as though these were the words in which the official leadership chose to describe their own policy. Actually the phrase comes from a passage in *Labour and the Nation*, which describes a trend of thinking among Conservatives and other anti-Socialists.

As an example of tendentious distortion of the facts, I select the following passages. 'The [Labour] government's response to the anti-colonial challenge it faced was a mixture of minimal constitutional reforms on the one hand, and of repression on the other, including, as part of the defence of the "free world" against Communism, the waging of a fierce colonial war in Malaya.'

Finally, I should like to reaffirm the main conclusion of my review. 'A leadership determined to rebuild the party's morale', I wrote, 'should be prepared to study carefully an account of the causes of this crisis of confidence, even when it is presented in the form of partisan history. If it is horrifying to see how unfair some of these charges are, it is important to remember that Dr Miliband is speaking for a horrifyingly large number of active party workers.'

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

House of Commons

THE STATE OF GHANA

SIR, – What a pity that your comment on Ghana last week 'missed the point' as surely as have others you condemn. It is both inaccurate and fundamentally destructive to write off democracy in West Africa, let alone to stigmatise its individual republics as 'political and economic slums'. To dismiss the erosion of political liberties in Ghana by failing to be surprised by it, itself 'verges on racialism' – a disagreeable feature you rightly condemn in others.

It is simply not true that 'no government (in West Africa) accepts the constitutional legitimacy of criticism'. Indeed, the great sadness of the situation in Ghana today is that *for the first time* people are afraid to criticise openly. No one who has visited West Africa can fail to be impressed by the constant and vociferous discussion of political questions at all times and in all places. Africans are not, contrary to popular myth which you (surely unconsciously) perpetuate, prepared passively to be ruled. They demand, no less than the rest of us, that their

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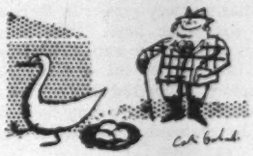
THE FARMER AND THE GOOSE

an economic fable



ONCE UPON A TIME there was a farmer who was blessed by fortune. He had broad acres, cows which gave rich milk, hens which laid many eggs. But this is the lot of other rich farmers. Where he was superior to them all was in his ownership of a goose who laid golden eggs. This goose was a faithful and obedient creature, and for a long time the farmer treated her with the consideration which was due for the help she gave his finances. The goose foraged happily for herself and laid many eggs for the farmer. And the farmer drove an expensive car and smoked only the best cigars.

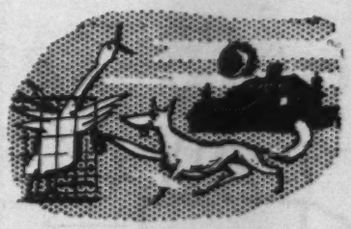
Then the farmer married a wife. This lady had many virtues, but one serious defect. She couldn't bear to think that anyone around her performed any task which wasn't under her own personal supervision. She chased the maids, she chivvied the hens. And she took a great interest in the goose who laid the golden eggs.

"It's not right," she told her husband night after night in the

privacy of the double bed. "The creature can't be left to look after herself."—"She's done all right up till now," said the farmer. But in the end his wife had her own way, as women will.

So she had a special goose-run constructed, and shut the poor goose up in it. She was no longer allowed to forage for herself. Instead, her diet was strictly controlled. Strange and outlandish foods were given to her, as the farmer's wife had the idea that these would make her lay yet more eggs. All they did, unfortunately, was to give the poor creature the hiccups. In other moods, the farmer's wife would economise at the goose's expense, and force her to eat all the leavings which no-one else wanted. "After all, she's there to make herself useful." said the farmer's wife. The farmer, however, was a bit put out to find the golden eggs growing fewer and fewer.

Until one day, or rather one night, there was very nearly a tragedy. The farmer's wife had insisted that the goose-run be built right out in the open, where she could see it from her kitchen window. The goose, who was a wary bird and wise to the ways of foxes, complained that the spot was not safe. The farmer's wife told her to hold her tongue. But, sure enough, the fox came. He lifted the latch. He stepped into the run. And he had the goose



cornered and was on the very point of making an end of her when her cries brought the farmer running out in his nightshirt.

The farmer set the goose free again. But the damage was done. Thenceforth she laid only ordinary goose-eggs. The farmer grew poor and blamed his wife for it. One day he turned her out of doors, and that was the end of the marriage.

MORAL:

There's more than one way of cooking one's goose.

* * * * *

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consent be obtained. That their political activity has tended to be channelled through a single party is partly a consequent of recent emergence from a necessarily united struggle; and partly a failure thus far to develop what we would regard (I think rightly) as effective institutions for democratic expression – namely, a two-party or multi-party system. But I believe the institutions *will* develop – provided that criticism is not systematically repressed so that all opposition is forced to become revolutionary.

Nor is opposition in West Africa always 'irresponsible, fractional or anxious to exploit regional and tribal differences'. Opposition to Dr Nkrumah's last budget was none of these things. Africans are as capable of reacting when the shoe pinches as sharply and predictably as anyone else. In this case their reaction was no different from what we may expect in Britain in response to the pay-pause here. They were asked for sacrifices which they were not prepared to make in the interests of an over-all budget, which they rightly conceived to be unfair to them. (Incidentally you are wrong to think this is the only fully planned development budget in West Africa – far from it.)

It is precisely this kind of bread-and-butter issue which will stimulate and enhance the demand in Africa for political alternatives – in other words, elections contested by more than one party. It is in this way that Africans, like everyone else, discover the true meaning and effectiveness of the vote in a democracy.

Thus the fashionable assumption of the inevitability of authoritarian rule in Africa ignores completely the equally inevitable growth of democratic institutions to contain a highly politically-conscious electorate. There will be setbacks. There will be revolutionary leaders determined to allow no such thing. But it does no service to the democratic and Socialist dynamic to consign it cynically to the losing side.

Not that I disagree with the conclusions of your comment. Of course the Queen must go to Ghana. But in its analyses no less than in its conclusions the NEW STATESMAN should lead and not further confuse radical and Socialist thinking on African affairs.

MARGARET ROBERTS
Secretary
Fabian Commonwealth Bureau

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY

SIR, – Surely it is not necessary to remind the intelligent reader that psychology and economics are related to one another, as indeed are all human activities ipso facto, but they are not the same thing and it is just with their differentiation and their relatedness that my last letter tried to deal. Definition differentiates the undifferentiated as much by defining what the thing is not as by defining the thing itself. The desire to lump psychology and economics into one undifferentiated whole is really a defence of the omnipotence of thought which characterises Idealist philosophy and carried to its logical conclusion denies the material nature of reality, since all is thought and springs from thought. On this view it is logical to apply psychology to the interpretation of international tensions. It is also logical on this view to consider that 'the economic state of any society is necessarily the product of the psychological state of its members'. However, the nature of thought – I use the word deliberately instead of 'mind', for it is by thought that mind is known – is still an open question and may yet prove an aspect of matter.

It is true scientifically that we and the world we know are made up of energy in a state of motion but, in our everyday lives, we act and believe as if our world is solid and real, which it is and we are right to believe it. Both things are true and are related to one another. It is a question of levels, or, to put it another way, of the particular phase in which reality is manifesting itself. In considering the relationships existing between any given elements it is necessary for us to assure ourselves that they are manifesting on the same level and in the same category of phenomena. What is misleading is to apply the criteria of one level to the phenomena of another, for example, mathematics to the comparison of human personalities, each of whom is unique, or quantum physics to the task of boiling an egg.

To make quite clear the fallacy of projecting psychodynamics on to, say, economic conflict, it does not matter what the personal psychology of an individual capitalist may be. He may be aggressive, as your correspondent suggests he might be, or the nicest person imaginable, nonetheless, if he does not cut down on production, or switch to producing something for which there is a guaranteed market, like H-bombs, when the market for the thing he produces, say, motor-cars, is saturated and he cannot sell, he may go bankrupt. He may like his employees very much but he still has to stand them off. They in turn may grow resentful at being deprived of their work and forced to near-starvation. To talk of the psychological relations, which of course there are, between employer and employed as the cause of the conflict between them is to deprive oneself of seeing the inevitable problems and disastrous and destructive solutions to its difficulties that capitalism, as an economic system today, brings to employer and employed alike.

Again, those who are selling atom-bomb shelters, though these are useless, need the murderous tension of 'brinkmanship' to ensure their sales, and, in a world where the control of our minds, and maybe our lives as well, is largely in the hands of salesmen, we might do well to ask ourselves who is making the money out of international tensions at this moment?

When it comes to armament policies in general and H-bomb policies in particular there I am bound to agree with your correspondent: there is little to choose between the Tories and the present Labour leadership. However, I did not compare the Tory and Labour parties in my letter, but the economic systems of capitalism and Socialism. By Socialism I understand the scientific planning by the people of the best uses of all their resources to meet all their needs, in place of the random profit-seeking of capitalism which, because it happens to be more financially advantageous to the capitalists who control our lives, builds office-blocks when we need homes and H-bombs when we could have peace without them.

Finally, to regard the H-bomb in terms of unconscious symbolism, outside of the consulting-room, seems not so much putting the real, unendurable horror of a nuclear holocaust 'out of mind' as taking it 'into mind' where it has no more 'reality' than the nightmare from which we hope to wake. Such dreaming will not save us. Better to face the approaching Juggernaut squarely; who knows, we might discover its drivers in time to stop it.

N. CHISHOLM

10 Harley Street
W1

SIR, – Surely one of the saddest things of this age is that excellent articles like Anthony Storr's 'Living with the Enemy' are too intelligent, too reasonable, too sane to be useful. His example of the boys with haemophilia neglects humanity's great weakness for kidding itself. One boy will always be convinced his haemophilia is less bad than the other, or that his doctor does not know what he is talking about. Or what is most likely, knowing he is stricken with an incurable disease he will not care one way or the other.

These I suggest are the problems.

Any conversation with Services personnel reveals these dangers. For instance every air force commander in the world is convinced his planes will stop the enemy planes: to admit otherwise would be to admit the inadequacy of his command. Thus he is likely either to want to prove this aggressively or embark on a semi-suicidal mission to demonstrate the ability of his command. If he fails, he hopes he will die and so become a hero.

I suggest we are in the hands of men beyond intelligence, reason and sanity. Surely, for a man to give over his life to the headless discipline of Service life is scarcely intelligent. A man who allows himself to be trained to suppress, extinguish or wipe out any resistance to his own particular brand of patriotism is hardly reasonable. And the man who dedicates one half of his life to his wife and family, while the other half presupposes he will make them widow and orphans at the first opportunity is hardly sane.

I regret Dr Storr has cluttered up the issue of war, peace and survival with psychology and intellect, when it is a simple matter of insanity. As any attendant in any mental institution will tell you, there are people bent on self destruction, and they're not all 'inside'. The more one sees of and talks to Service personnel the more one realises they live only by 'kidding themselves'. Given half a chance against any enemy they'd 'have to go' because like one of the boys with haemophilia, they are sure they are in a stronger position than the enemy, or they just don't care! How else could they justify the narrowness and inane waste of their lives?

R. S. CORFIELD

14 Meyer Mansions
Coleman Street
Singapore

THE MAGIC BOX

SIR, – How angry John Berger is with Clancy Sigal for expressing the sick embarrassment we feel nine-tenths of the time watching television.

But wait, which John Berger is this? Surely not Mr Berger, the critic? For he's done some pretty uncompromising fighting in his time to keep up standards.

This Mr Berger is running a weekly TV programme on Art, which is so pompous, patronising, sentimental and wet that last week I switched it off, unable to bear the sight of yet another good man dragged by the ankle into the swamp.

For the point is, John Berger is not like this when he writes; he is none of these things as a person. But there he is: 'Art is for *people* . . . you' (smile) 'me .' The monster's got him and he doesn't even know it.

Clancy Sigal is right. We should keep away from the monster. It's too strong for even the best of us.

DORIS LESSING

25 Langham St
W1

SIR, – May I take Clancy Sigal up on one point?

We have always repeated Dennis Mitchell's documentaries in special re-runs. I shall want to do the same with the American programmes.

STUART HOOD
Controller of Programmes, Television
BBC Television Centre

RSPCA AND HUNTING

SIR, – Mr Hall, defending the RSPCA's policy on fox-hunting, quotes the statement, in the report of the Committee on Cruelty to Wild Animals, that the keeping of foxes in coverts or artificial earths 'was quite common in the past', but 'that there has been a great change in the attitude of the rural population since the early years of this century, when a man did not dare to admit in public that he had shot a fox'. That Committee, both in its presentation of facts and in its findings, seemed to many people strangely indulgent to hunting for sport and it carefully used 'toleration of foxes' to describe what is usually bluntly called 'fox-preservation'. But in fairness to that committee let me point out that, in the paragraph from which Mr Hall quotes, it also stated: 'We are satisfied, however, that, except in Wales and the Lake District . . there is a good deal of "toleration" of foxes by landowners and farmers who support the local hunt and who like to have a fox found on their land. We think that the scale on which this "toleration" is practised is sufficient to hinder a substantial reduction in country which might otherwise take place.' It

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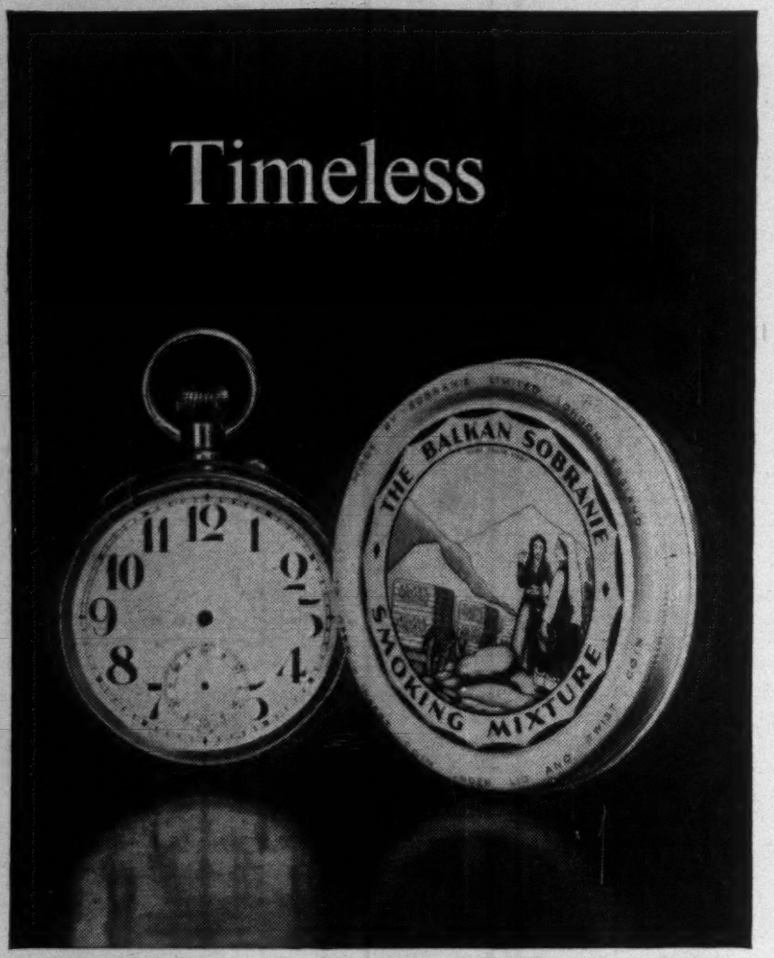

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is a strange 'method of control' of which this can be said.

With regard to other methods of killing foxes, the committee strongly commended gassing: 'We think, however, that gassing is undoubtedly an effective method of control, which should be used whenever circumstances permit, and that it is also a humane way of killing foxes'; and it clearly showed why shooting, which can be both effective and humane, is sometimes neither: 'People accustomed to shooting smaller animals and birds often shoot foxes at far too great a range and with unsuitable ammunition.' Defenders of hunting acclaim this as a condemnation of shooting: it is really a valuable reminder, which all humanitarians should welcome, that shooting, with proper precautions and restraint, is not a cruel method of killing foxes.

These two statements in the report encourage many humanitarians, but not, alas, the RSPCA, to work for the abolition of hunting and of the 'toleration' of foxes that accompanies it. For they make it clear that, after the removal of this major cause of the present excessive population of foxes, such further reduction of their numbers as may still be found desirable in some localities can be secured by properly controlled gassing or shooting.

A. MONK-JONES

National Society for the
Abolition of Cruel Sports
44 Gerard Road, SW13

This correspondence is now closed

TEACHERS DIVIDED

SIR, – Mr MacKenzie's article on Teachers' Pay does little justice to the situation. He remarks on the ineffectiveness of the militants. They were not given a chance to show how effective they could be.

Never has there been so much public opinion on the side of the teachers. The press (both right and left), the local government authorities, the BBC (both radio and TV) and NALGO all gave astonishing support. Moreover the whole problem must be seen in the light of the TUC's attitude to the Chancellor's 'pay pause' and to the denial of existing negotiating machinery by the government.

Of course teachers rejected the all-out strike as ineffective. They are both too dedicated to their jobs and too sensible to believe that they alone could force the government to capitulate.

But guerilla warfare, reinforced by increasing pressure from industry, would soon compel the government to think again and this is what (until a week ago) the NUT was advocating.

Who created the militancy and urged 10,000 teachers to lobby their MPs? The very people who have sold out to the government without consulting the rank and file teachers! And for what? For a promise, by the Minister of Education, that he will not, at the moment, interfere with the Burnham Committee, and for the hope that after protracted negotiations this Burnham Committee may agree, sometime in 1963, to some increase – always provided, of course, that the Chancellor is not again in the middle of another economic crisis.

What hope can teachers put in promises of this sort? Only a firm guarantee that any future award is back-dated (as pay awards are in the Civil Service) to January 1962 can remove the feeling of anger and frustration which is eating at the roots of our educational system.

REDMAYNE FITZGERALD

Guildford

STOUT PARTY

SIR, – As the organiser of the campaign on behalf of Mr Evelyn Waugh in the Edinburgh University Rectorial Election of 1951, I must correct one small error in your interesting profile. The poet who opposed Mr Waugh was not Hugh McDiarmid, but Sydney Goodsire Smith.

BRUCE M. COOPER

Middlesbrough

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Chariot of Light

A. ALVAREZ

Every so often some tough American critic takes to reproving the Novel for its lack of manners. It has neither style nor substance nor breeding; it doesn't know how to behave in society; and often, like a reluctant debutante, it doesn't even want to be brought out. Usually, the attack is directed against local talent. What can one expect, the critic implies, from such provincial upbringing? Last year, in a lecture in London, even the sophisticated Miss Mary McCarthy took this same stern view. The novel's future, if any, lay not with the Faulkners or Goldings but with the Compton-Burnetts, the Amises, or even the Snows. She sounded very despondent, as though the only abiding value of the novel was as a more artistically coherent, humanly meaningful branch of sociology. The rest is poetry. And that, everyone knows, means exoticism and purple passages, Djuna Barnes and Lawrence Durrell.

This, anyway, is the grim theory. Mercifully, it is not true. There is something between the purely social novel – or its Norman Mailer equivalent, the novel of behaviour – and the gush of poetical prose or prosaic poetry. There is, for example, the work of Patrick White. Even in his relative failures, such as *Voss*, he seems to me an unmistakably major writer who commands a scope, power and sheer technical skill which put even our more ambitious novelists in the shade. Yet he does not, by any means, fit into Miss McCarthy's scheme of things. In theory his latest novel*, like some great, leisurely Russian masterpiece, takes in the whole of his society; it swings its beam right across Australia, shedding a brief light on everyone from double-barrelled aristocrats to factory-hands. But it is a narrow beam, which penetrates deeply and disperses little. Manners for White are not so much expressive of life as a caricature of it, a complicated, almost farcical excrescence:

> 'Are you a Baptist, perhaps,' she asked.
> 'I am a Jew,' the Jew replied.
> 'Arrrr!' said the lady.
>
> She had not heard right, only that it sounded something funny. Her skin closed on itself rather fearfully.
>
> All the ladies, it appeared, had paused for a moment in their breathing. They were slavering on their plastic teeth. Before they began to clatter again.

When White plays tricks of style like this he is using his wit not to pin a scene down but to evaporate it into fantasy. The images fuse sharply into each other, as in a dream. And the Australia he so lovingly plots begins to seem a country of the mind.

He has, in fact, reversed the novelist's traditional procedure: in his work it is manners and social behaviour which are dream-like; reality is all inward. He seems to see his artistic function as a matter of penetrating the hard shell of social habit until he exposes that peculiar vibration which makes each person what he is. He would draw, in short, a firm line between life and society. Society swarms around us – in most of its manifestations rather distasteful: all plastic, chrome and banging machinery – while significant life runs on in isolation below this turbulent surface, like the green, unnoticed river which flows beside Rosetree's Brighta Bicycle Lamps factory at Barranugli. Which, according to Patrick White, is where the crucifixion took place.

For *Riders in the Chariot* is, unequivocally, the story of Christ retold in terms of modern Australia. The Messiah is an ageing, ugly German refugee called Himmelfarb, an orthodox Jew and one-time university professor, whom the Nazis drove into hiding and then deported to a concentration camp. He escapes from there miraculously (and also unconvincingly, for the miracle occurs too early in the novel for one to realise that it is in order), is smuggled in a daze across Poland, peers briefly at Israel and promptly emigrates to Australia where, for the sake of humility, he takes an unskilled job in Rosetree's factory. His St Peter is a half-aboriginal painter, Alf Dubbo, who has been educated and then seduced by an Anglican pastor, has drifted from town to town, from whore to whore, is syphilitic, tubercular, gentle, speechless and able to communicate only in his strange, obsessive paintings.

Then there are two Marys: Mrs Godbold, a slow, massive mother of swarms of daughters, with a genius for simplicity and unselfish love; and Miss Hare, 'fox-coloured', epileptic and slightly mad, who communes with the lives of plants and animals and leads a haunted life in a vast, derelict Victorian folly called Xanadu, built by her drunken father who, when she was a child, had drowned himself in a rain-butt while she looked on. There are also two devils, Mrs Flack and her familiar, Mrs Jolley, who was once Miss Hare's housekeeper. They live together in a nice little suburban home, all raw brick, good plumbing, blue eiderdowns and plaster goblins. Both have secretly done for their husbands, and both now live, with stomachs rumbling, off the lives of other people. Their instrument is Mrs Flack's illegitimate son, Blue, whose mindless, brute beauty is the personification of everything White hates in Australia. Finally, there is a Judas, the factory-owner and Catholic convert, Harry Rosetree, born Haïm ben Ya'akov Rosenbaum; he begins like one of the bumbling heroes of Dan Jacobson's *Price of Diamonds* and ends hanging from a dressing-gown cord in his tiled and glass bathroom.

Nothing very much happens: the lives of the four main protagonists are told in rather clumsy flashbacks and then the inevitable tragedy is briskly played out. The Jew is crucified at Easter by a gang of drunken workmates led by Blue. Of course, it is all a joke, all Australian matiness. But a few hours later the Jew, attended by his Marys, dies of a heart-attack brought on by the horseplay. Shortly after, the abo paints his great work, 'The Deposition', and dies of TB, Rosetree hangs himself, Miss Hare disappears for good and Xanadu is torn down. Only Mrs Godbold solidly remains.

In outline, the work sounds humourless and apocalyptic. It is not, and for a simple reason: *Riders in the Chariot* is no more a symbolic novel than Joyce's *Ulysses*. The author, that is, is not constantly chivvying one to read significance into trivia by insisting on some buried treasure of meaning which the diligent reader must dig out. He is not writing cheap and selling dear. For White is a myth-writer not a symbolist. In this, he is in the same camp as Sidney Nolan: both are artists of extreme technical sophistication, both have devoted themselves to the creation of coherent but expanding imaginative worlds, and both are obsessed by the vast, hard emptiness of the Australian subcontinent. Given this unyielding background, there seem to be only two ways of doing creative work: the artist either sticks doggedly to the facts as he knows them, and so remains provincial, like Howells in 19th-century America; or, like Melville, he populates the country for himself by absorbing it into his imagination and recreating myths for it. So Nolan has his Ned Kelly and Mrs Fraser, his Leda and the Gallipoli paintings, which are his version of the *Iliad*. White, in his turn, has recreated Adam and Eve in *The Tree of Man*, Odysseus in *Voss* and now, in *Riders in the Chariot*, Christ.

Myths have a simple advantage: they are known. This does not mean that the reader is hypnotised by the booming of an archetypal, Jungian ground-bass. White, anyway, is far too deliberate a writer to allow this to happen. *Voss*, for example, largely failed because one can't respond to a voyage of discovery when it is described with the static mannerisms of a late-Jamesian house-party. If *Riders in the Chariot* does not suffer from this nervousness of style and is closer to the fine simplicity of his masterpiece *The Tree of Man*, it is still a very cunning and elaborate piece of work. But because the myth is known, its framework leaves the artist free to explore the unknown; and it gives his tentative discoveries a base and logic they might otherwise lack. White may not write novels which are poetic in the hepped-up, modish sense, but he does use the form to explore territory usually reserved for poetry. His novels, that is, are powerful and valid only to the degree to which they reflect an inner reality.

This is particularly true of his latest book. Its four main characters are joined less in fact than in imagination: at the emotional centre of each of their lives is the image of the Chariot. To the learned Himmelfarb it is the Chariot of Redemp-

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* *Riders in the Chariot*. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 21*s*.

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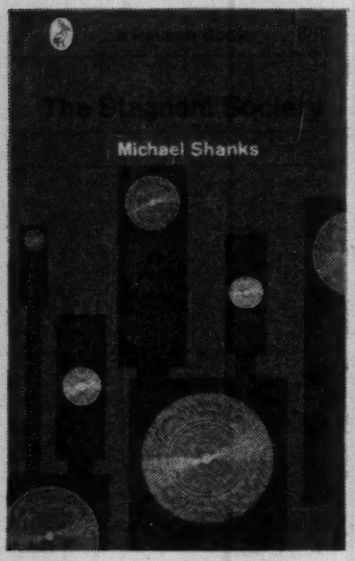

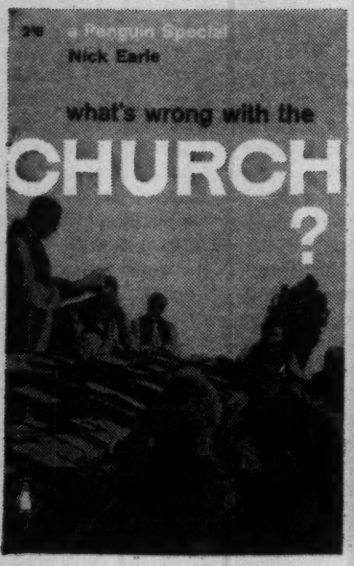

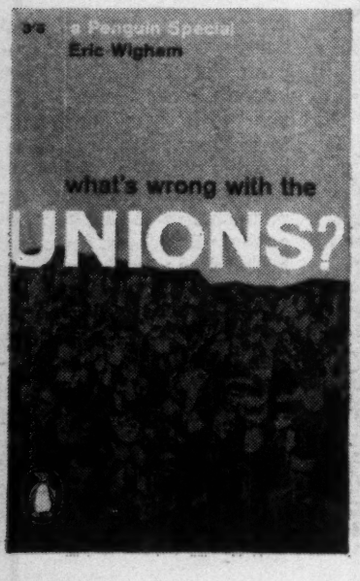

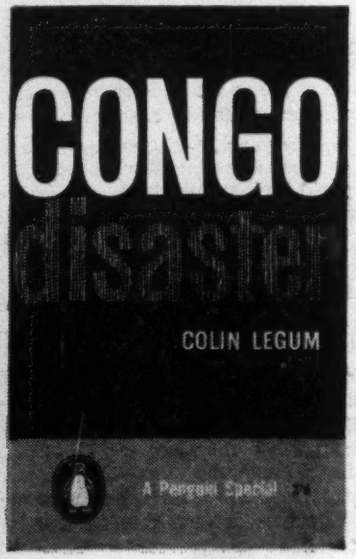

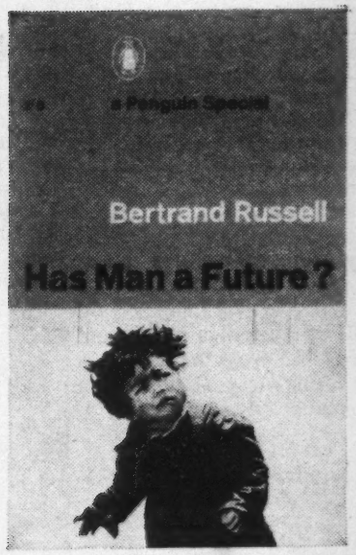

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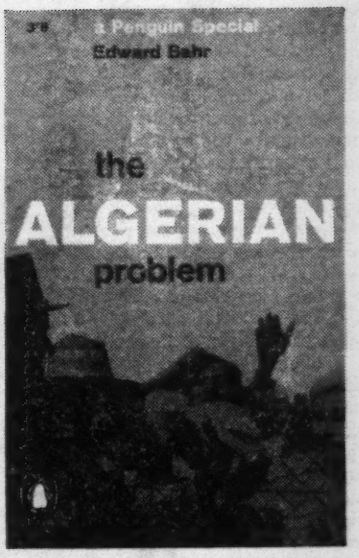

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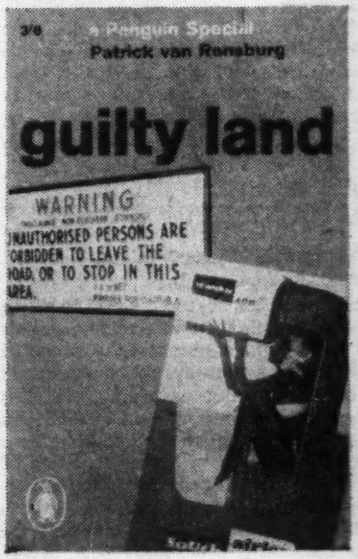

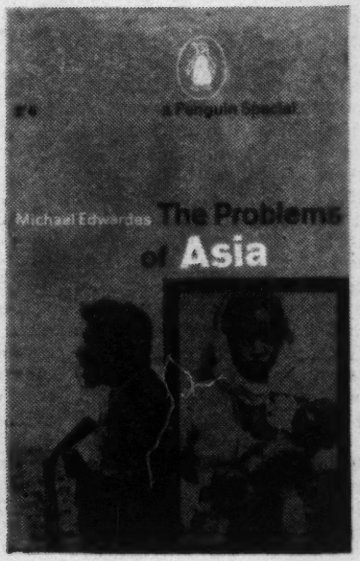

1962

tion, partly from Ezekiel, partly cabbalistic; for Mrs Godbold it is love; for the abo it is the imaginative magnificence and certainty which, until just before his death, he can never quite express in paint; and for Miss Hare it is the blinding, frightening approach of one of her fits. But for all of them it is also, most passionately, the sunset:

> Before he could answer, she exclaimed: 'Look!'
>
> And was shading her eyes from the dazzle of gold.
>
> 'It was at this time of evening,' her mouth gasped, and worked at words, 'that I would sometimes feel afraid of the consequences. I would fall down in a fit while the wheels were still approaching. It was too much for anyone so weak. And lie sometimes for hours. I think I could not bear to look at it.'
>
> 'There is no reason why you should not look now,' Himmelfarb made an effort. 'It is an unusually fine sunset.'
>
> . . . The Chariot itself rode straight and silent, both now, and on the clouds of recollection.

So the novel is possessed by the idea of luminousness. Nearly all the important scenes take place at sunset; one hears continually how the light lay, glowed and shifted. Yet each time it seems to reflect inwards. Limpidly, the details of every scene appear not for themselves but as projections of an inner landscape. The theme of the novel is, in every sense of the term, illumination.

Though the characters are connected in theme and, cursorily, in action, they scarcely seem to touch. White speaks once of the 'extraordinary non-relationship' between the Jew and the abo. It is true of them all. Each is adrift in his own isolation; though each may brush the others fleetingly with words, though each may share common glimpses of the Chariot and of good and evil, they connect only in the mind. For the rest, they are left with the blank fact of what is, for Dubbo, 'his unconvincing, to himself always incredible, communal existence'. This lack of a rooted sympathy between one person and another leads to lapses: Himmelfarb's Jewishness, like Daniel Deronda's, is too sanctimonious; Mrs Godbold's simplicity is, in the end, sentimentalised; there are passages of heavy over-writing which show that White's disciples, when they come, may well be appalling. Yet even though the behaviour of those outside the still centre of beatitude is less a comedy of manners than a stylised, roaring farce, this in itself can become a strength:

> Then, as people will toss up the ball of friendship, into the last light, at the moment of departure, and it will hang there briefly, lovely and luminous to see, so did the Jew and Mrs Godbold. There hung the golden sphere. The laughter climbed quickly, out of their exposed throats, and clashed together by consent; the light splintered against their teeth. How private, and mysterious, and beautiful it was, even the intruders suspected, and were deterred momentarily from hating.
>
> When they were again fully clothed in their right minds, Mrs Jolley said to her companion:
>
> 'Do you suppose she comes to him often?'
>
> 'I would not know,' replied Mrs Flack, though it was obvious she did.
>
> 'Tsst!' she added, quick as snakes.
>
> Mrs Godbold had begun to turn.
>
> 'See you at church!' hissed Mrs Jolley.
>
> 'See you at church!' repeated Mrs Flack.
>
> Their eyes flickered for a moment over the Christ who would rise to the surface of Sunday morning.
>
> Then they drew apart.

I can think of very little as subtle and concentrated as this that is being written in either form, prose or poetry. Patrick White may have tried to evoke, in his latest novel, the whole of Australian society and have succeeded in projecting only a multiple image of his own isolation, but it is an image of great beauty.

Bloomsbury on Safari

Growing. By LEONARD WOOLF. *Hogarth.* 25*s.*

In 1904 Mr Leonard Woolf arrived in Ceylon with 90 volumes of the 1784 edition of Voltaire and a wire-haired fox terrier to begin his career in the Ceylon Civil Service. After seven successful years and obviously a rising man who would get a colonial governorship sooner rather than later, he returned to London and resigned. He was willing to live in busy solitude in Ceylon, among the people, working for them; but he had turned anti-Imperialist and wanted no ruling place in the British colonial hierarchy. As a young man Mr Woolf was clearly original but difficult, obliging but aloof, and with a mind of his own. If he got a bad mark for his Voltaire and for pointing out that the head of his department revoked at bridge, he thinks that travelling with a dog helped to re-establish him. The second volume of his autobiography contains an unaffected self-portrait, sometimes startling in the mental and emotional importance it gives to simple things, and a crystalline picture of the life on the island in that idyllic time. Ceylon was easy to rule; its races responsive to a sympathetic mind. Scores of retired colonial servants have written their memoirs but only one or two have approached Mr Woolf in delightful lucidity. His manner retains the freshness and sternness of youth. It is remarkable that a man who was an exhaustively thorough administrator should have the gifts of an artist; even more remarkable that the artist does not recoup by becoming pretentious.

Writing home week by week to Lytton Strachey, reading his Voltaire, enjoying the passion-purging melancholy of the desert lands in Ceylon as well as the fears of the jungle, Mr Woolf might at first sight appear to be the intellectual freak, the superior amateur of the Somerset Maugham country. He was much more complicated than that. He tended to be arrogant – he says – but the first thing he was taught on the voyage out was how to get on with very ordinary people and, indeed, to find that ordinary people do not exist. It is an old and snobbish complaint that the British colonies were suburban; no doubt – but how rich in flora and fauna these suburbs were. In a few months he had found, for example, his own Leonard Bast. Faced by the dreadful boozing, swearing exhibitionists of the club, the tedious bridge-players, the match-making wives, the fulminating planters, Mr Woolf grew a protective shell, disguised what he calls his cowardice – but he was no intellectual coward – and became a maniac for work and efficiency.

His claim to be a moral coward is spoiled by his behaviour on the voyage to Ceylon. Hearing the parents of a little girl in the next cabin beating her every morning because she wet her bed, he intervened and sat up half the next night with the father until he convinced him that the treatment was irrational, cruel and ineffective. Again, it was his duty to watch the hanging and beating of criminals, and he did it; but the terrible experience led him to enquire further. It taught him, once and for all, that capital punishment creates a mystique of horror which induces the weak-minded to imitate the crimes:

> This is particularly true today when uncivilised 'popular' newspapers with gigantic circulations exploit – sensationalise and sentimentalise – the horror, particularly of sexual murders of children, and a series of similar crimes follows. It is characteristic of these journals and their millionaire proprietors that they are hysterically in favour of retaining capital punishment as a deterrent while, by exploiting and sensationalising rapes, murders and hanging, they increase the number of murders and murderers (as well as their own incomes).

Mr Woolf was not soft as a ruler: if anything a stickler. And he was never a lenient judge; it was difficult to swindle him. He was, by the sheer pleasure of curiosity, alive to what was going on around him. He had a shrewd humour: there is a long and amusing account of how people tried to defraud the government in connection with the salt monopoly and how he defeated one obdurate plotter by walking him for miles until he nearly dropped. He agreed to the government price out of physical exhaustion. Mr Woolf loved a tussle and sees now – but not with much repentance – that he sometimes went, as intellectuals will, to extremes.

The touches of Voltairian malice and fancy in this book are always amusing: for example, some of the absurdities preached in the interests of human morals by priests and theologians, he asserts, could never have been written if they had studied animals instead of men. Mr Woolf's own animal studies – his own dogs were born fighters – are very spirited. He felt, as many have, that modern man has permanently lost some of the gifts and the happiness that primitives were still able to hang on to 50 years ago. His journeys about the island, his period with the pearl fisheries, his time as police officer and magistrate, his gentle romantic friendships with girls out from England, are all lively in narration and an unshocked wisdom runs through it all.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Heterosexual Duties

Does Pornography Matter? Edited by C. H. ROLPH. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

It is a curious fact that in a world in which most things are thought at one moment or another worth a joke, pornography is one of the few that must always be discussed in tones of the utmost solemnity. In this anthology seven writers of widely divergent views apply themselves to the question 'Does pornography matter?' with that elevation of mind which is thought appropriate to the subject. The only lapse occurs in Lord Birkett's contribution when for a brief moment the question transforms itself into 'Does pornography pay?' The moment passes, and the tone is happily restored.

It is, however, another fact about discussions of pornography that the seriousness

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HART-DAVIS

This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

WORLD GOVERNMENT OR THE 'DOOMSDAY MACHINE'?

BERTRAND RUSSELL on Man's Choice for H-Age Survival

When modern man shed his ignorance of nuclear science did he also shed most of his chances of survival? Or has he still one last chance—WORLD GOVERNMENT? BERTRAND RUSSELL—a man of brilliant intellect and controversial opinions who has revived the role of the philosopher as a public figure—this Sunday pose sthese vital questions to a world threatened with nuclear annihilation. He examines the colossal problems facing an organisation governing all the nations of the world. For example, would there be danger of a World Army insurrection aimed at installing a World Dictator?

TEACHING TEENAGERS HOW TO SHOP WISELY

Up . . . up . . . up . . . go earnings and pocket-money of that important section of our society, the TEENAGERS. Their money goes on everything, from "pop" records to the latest clothing fashions, from magazines to motor-bikes. Manufacturers and Advertising men treat them as a valuable and specialised market. Their purchasing-power is everywhere wooed—and often won. This weekend in our *Mainly for Mother* section, Elizabeth Longford (better known as LADY PAKENHAM and herself the mother of eight children) offers parents sound advice on how to guide the spending habits of their teenagers.

PERSONAL TRAGEDY AND PUBLIC TRIUMPH

SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND (known as "The Father of British Aviation") has given everything to his life's work. While his professional achievements were winning him world acclaim tragic shadows fell across his private life. Two of his airmen sons were killed while continuing his battle to conquer the skies. . . . Then his giant Comet jets—hailed as a shining symbol of British air supremacy—met with a series of disasters. This Sunday Sir Geoffrey tells in his own words the story of those brilliant—and bitter—years.

Munich 'Peace Note' – Triumph or Humiliation?

IAIN MACLEOD on Chamberlain

A scrap of paper—the now historic "peace note" which NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN waved triumphantly after his Munich meeting with Hitler—has become a symbol of that fateful year which preceded the Second World War. Chamberlain's critics saw it as evidence of Hitler's cynical duping of a British Prime Minister. But IAIN MACLEOD—in his new and challenging biography of Chamberlain—sees it as evidence of Chamberlain's desperate awareness of Britain's need for breathing-space to prepare for the coming holocaust. This penetrating insight into the nature of the "Man of Munich" appears exclusively in THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

of tone is not always matched by the same seriousness of content or approach: we get what Saul Bellow once called 'low seriousness'. In this respect the present anthology is no exception. In Dr Donald Soper's essay there are many references to God and the community and sinfulness and moral inertia, but it has a total lack of concern for the facts of human nature and society and reveals itself as frivolous and mealy-mouthed. Drink is referred to as 'the drinking habit' and sex as 'that element in human life which we call sex', and this fuzziness of expression is symptomatic of a deeper evasiveness which means that the two questions with which any consideration of pornography should surely be vitally concerned are passed over altogether.

The common charge against pornography is that it corrupts. The first question to ask, therefore, is 'Does pornography corrupt?' Now if corruption is taken to mean (as it usually is) a real and active influence upon overt sexual behaviour, then it is observable that those who are most convinced that pornography does corrupt are those who are least prepared to take seriously the question whether it does or doesn't They are ready to answer it dogmatically but not to consider it scientifically. Of course there are difficulties in the way of gaining a scientific answer to it, or even of knowing exactly what sort of answer to go for. It is probably quite misguided to hope for any kind of statistical answer, and it seems more likely that we shall get a solution by derivation from some well-attested theory of human nature.

Such theoretical evidence as there is tends, as both Geoffrey Gorer and Robert Gosling point out, away from the corruption hypothesis, and towards the view that pornography is related only marginally to overt sexual behaviour and fundamentally to masturbatory fantasies. Pornography is not so much an incitement to, as a substitute for, sexual activity. Gorer indeed even goes so far as to suggest that legislators are really aware of this, and that despite their conscious protestations they suppress pornography because they are afraid it will lead to a widespread failure in their 'heterosexual duties' on the part of the citizens.

But whichever way or with whatever degree of assurance we answer the first question, we still have not begun to determine the legislative issue – whether pornography should be banned, controlled or permitted. In order to answer this, we need to consider a second question, which relates to the proper level of sexual activity in society. It seems to me quite absurd to condemn pornography until we have a serious view about the extent to which we can reasonably expect people to repress, convert or sublimate their sexual instincts. There is no good reason why we should listen to opinions about pornography from those who have no considered belief about what is permissible sexual behaviour for, say, homosexuals or other 'perverts'. In a society in which it is apparent that most people are either prejudiced or sceptical on these matters, the degree of concern with obscenity seems quite obsessive.

At this stage it is usual for the *vertuistes* to fall back on one or other of two considerations: either the bad effect of pornography upon children, or the bad example set by its diffusion. But neither consideration seems to take us very far. The effect of pornography upon children seems no better established than its effect upon adults, and if this special version of the argument exercises a special appeal, this is, I suppose, because of the survival of crude beliefs about childish innocence. With children too, an interest in pornography seems a symptom rather than a cause of disturbance. And if we are asked to think of the bad example that the existence of pornography provides, should we not also think of the example provided by its suppression? Though I disagree with Dr Gosling's conclusions, I am, like him, 'inclined to ascribe more influence to the public spectacle of the struggle between pornographer and censor than to pornography itself'. Is this struggle, in fact, an edifying spectacle?

Pornographers are small, sad men in a poor line of business, who do what they do for wretched reasons. I doubt if many of them are under the illusion that they are doing the world much good, and there is no reason to think that they do it any great harm. The enforcers of law, on the other hand, enjoy vastly greater powers, and in the exercise of these powers they are clothed in society's respect. They are extreme in their methods: they proceed against something they allege to be a social menace, without ever thinking it necessary to show that it is one: their hostility to what they regard as the undesirable in art is not matched by any love for the desirable: they are always anxious to protect others from influences to which they profess themselves impervious: and for all their severity and self-righteousness they reveal no conception of, or hope for, a world in which their efforts would be unnecessary. Here is a cause in which I can see no reason to be on the side of the big battalions.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

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SUNDAY TIMES
(MAURICE EDELMAN)

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'He makes great demands on the reader and great claims. Either he is a great writer, or nothing . . . I would say he is a great writer.' 21s.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Against Vigilants

An Experiment in Criticism. By C. S. LEWIS. *Cambridge.* 15*s.*

Modern criticism, perhaps because it is multitudinous and arcane, is often thought, by modern critics especially, to be very valuable. Now Professor Lewis does not think so; he has an air of strenuous disinterest, but one comes to see that the *cause* of his book is disquiet at the possible fate of literature when it falls into the wrong hands. Not until the end does he, with much art, reveal that he has had in his sights a particular school of critics, and even then – shrinking a little, it may be, from their 'insulat ferocity' – he refrains from naming them.

The main argument is that one can best sort out books by sorting out readers. Broadly, there are the Many who use, and the Few who receive, works of art. This is not to say that the Many are vulgar or immoral or immature compared with the Few, but only that they want very little from art: pictures *of* something, music with tunes, books with stories. In so far as the work of art offers more than this very little it becomes less useful to them. The Few also need this element, but much more besides. Unfortunately their ranks are swollen with impostors – academic careerists, culture-men, improvers of themselves or of others. But when you get down to the genuine Few you find they have complex needs and abilities of a kind that distinguish them very sharply, as readers, from the Many. *Use* is always partial and self-seeking; *reception* demands, what the Many cannot give, the surrender of the reader to the book. (Here is a reason why 'critical reading', which is more like suspicious interrogation than surrender, can harm the young.) Anyway, with this basic distinction between two kinds of reader as a tool, one can proceed to divide good books from bad: what satisfies *only* the Many is bad, what satisfies the Few, or even some of the Few, is good. Thus you might condemn the Tarzan books, but not Milton, or anyway not until you have shown that his admirers all read him in the manner of the Many. 'The ideally bad book is the one of which a good reading is impossible' - of course you must try to give it a good reading before you can say this. On the other hand, a good book 'permits and invites' good reading.

This summary does little justice to a vigorous and schematic essay, which is diversified by subsidiary treatments of other topics germane but not central, and given exceptional authority by Professor Lewis's vast and ordered reading. Perhaps he underestimates the number of ways in which a genuine member of the Few might be induced to err, especially in the direction of eulogy. But by and large his distinctions are well made and acceptable, I should have thought, to most. In considering what follows from them, he comes to what I have called the cause of the book.

For it seems to follow that we must question 'the utility of strictly evaluative criticism, and especially of its condemnations'. And indeed, says Professor Lewis, it is the least of all the kinds of criticism. Perhaps he makes this point a little too sharply, or perhaps he has no need of that illumination of the familiar which is sometimes a product of this kind. But his purpose is the admirable one of courteously assaulting what he calls 'the Vigilant school of critics', those honest

witch-hunting hygienists whose 'conception of what is good in literature makes a seamless whole with their total conception of the good life' and who 'admit no such realm of experience as the aesthetic'. Their suspicious attitude to all books save those which appear in a small approved list precludes all possibility of their making the necessary 'surrender', and they may do great harm to the practice of good reading.

This is urbanely said; there is no specific mention of that dreadful Vigilant arrogance which corrupts pleasure and judgment, and which is now available in paperback. Professor Lewis thinks a literary work is impossible of access, let alone of evaluation, to him who cannot in the first place receive it with love. So received it is an 'enlargement of being'; like love, it 'heals the wound, without undermining the privilege, of individuality'. He does not add this: only after such an experience can great criticism be written; which is why it is so rare.

FRANK KERMODE

Salt Self

Letters to a Friend. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Collins.* 25*s.*

Nobody should have known better than Rose Macaulay how dangerous a commodity words can be – especially today, especially the private words of a gifted and known personality. Did she expect these letters to be made public? They were written towards the end of her life to an Anglican priest, Father Hamilton Johnson of the Cowley Fathers' community in Boston, USA. He had known her very slightly through church attendances at the start of the First World War; but in 1916 he left for America and the connection ceased. In 1950 he read for the first time her early novel *They Were Defeated*, and wrote. Rose Macaulay cherished his letters yet thought it courteous to have them destroyed at her death. Her priestly correspondent did not do the same. He enlisted the editorial aid of a Macaulay cousin, Miss Babington Smith, and when he died in March 1961, at the age of 84, the book was already well in hand.

It should be said at once that the publicity which has vapoured up about these letters is quite misleading. Readers need not expect to find in them any intimate revelations – though, to be sure, something of whatever may have been edited out of the text is set down in the editorial introduction, oddly recalling those censored Latin schoolroom books which Byron describes in *Don Juan*. But there is little to tell – only that Rose Macaulay had had a 20-year relationship with a married man who died in the early 1940s, and that the artificial compromise of those years seemed to her, in retrospect, vexing and sad.

Nor do the letters offer even the history of a dramatic religious conversion. Rose Macaulay, who came of long lines of clerical ancestors on both sides, had never really been out of the Church's sway. 'I am Anglican profoundly,' she wrote, 'born and bred to it, the heir to it, and now well in it once more. . . . *What* a heritage we have . . .'

In any case, it is hardly surprising that she should, late in her life, in a period of loneliness, have returned to a pattern of observance so strongly evocative of her youth and her rooted family beginnings. Her lover was dead, and here was a new friend to give her the vivifying mental and emotional stimulus she had lost. Nearly all her close relatives were likewise gone; and her priestly adviser turned out to be also, miraculously, a genuine fourth cousin, a link that she almost mystically esteemed. She longed once more for the loved parental authority enclosing her childhood's freedom; this too the Church could supply. Her gratitude was intense.

Of course, these matters are not all that the letters contain. Here is the brisk and shadowy wraith in her seventies bathing in the Serpentine in the chill of an English May, or, in an indoor swimming bath, practising long-distance swimming under water, 'which is very important, or might be in some emergencies.' She rather wishes that the rising generation of clergy were 'more intellectual' and is scandalised by a comparison of the late George VI with Alfred the Great.

> Our nice late monarch was no scholar. How very good it would be if we should ever have a monarch who was, and who set himself to raise the level of taste by going to the best things, not only to the musical comedies and racing and the low-brow books . . . Perhaps little Charles will be highbrow; but I fear not.

(One has the impression that Father Hamilton, away in Boston, reproves her for thoughts like these.) On Roman Catholicism, too, she is always her old salt, penetrating self.

Still, in spite of all such flashes, it is on the whole a weakened R.M. who shows in these pages; this isn't the image that most of her readers would want to be left with finally. 'One should,' as she said herself, 'consume one's own smoke'; and in the two years of passionate church-going, letter-writing, confessional-visiting, she certainly was not doing that. Happily the story need not end with this volume. For one thing, there is a hint that after 1952 (though a further collection is promised by the present editor Miss Babington Smith) letters to Father Hamilton became 'less frequent'. And then, in 1956, Rose Macaulay was to publish *The Towers of Trebizond* – surely the most brilliant and valuable novel of all her 50 years' writing. In this fantastic tragical-comedy she was able to look with her familiar sympathetic irony and a fresh tide of wit, and with something deeper too, at all the Macaulay obsessions – travel, the Church, family relationships, women and learning, the pains and the pleasures of love. Certainly there is more in this book on the themes of the letters than in all of the letters themselves. Her genius, after all, worked (as it had all her writing life) through the fictional transmutation, absorbing all problems and doubts, and not through the raw unordered thoughts of the airmail post. Her true smoke-consumer had always been here.

And so we return to the question: should Rose Macaulay's confessional-drafts have been kept and rushed so soon into print? Well, love-letters are very flattering to whoever or whatever is loved; and one can see how hard it would have been for any representative of the Church or even for a theologically-minded relative to *resist* the temptation of showing these letters to the world. To be sure, if Father Hamilton's answers as well as R.M.'s questions had been given, the book would undoubtedly have found its niche not only as a high-level bedside book for the spiritually faltering, but as required reading in any theological seminary. For those outside the theological battle the letters offer another helpful lesson: do not gratuitously commit to paper anything that you would not desire a stranger's eye to see. It is a lesson, however, which the human creature seems curiously reluctant to learn.

NAOMI LEWIS

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Greeks into Europe

Mycenaeans and Minoans. By LEONARD PALMER. *Faber.* 30*s.*

If there is anyone who does not yet know that Professor Palmer believes Sir Arthur Evans 'at times . . . misrepresented his findings', it is neither Professor Palmer's fault nor the *Observer's*. Rarely, if ever, has a book about Bronze Age history been heralded by so many alarums, off stage and on, with the author blowing the loudest blasts himself. When his initial outburst on 3 July 1960 drew the bitter attack it deserved, Professor Palmer made a strategic withdrawal, pleading that he had never spoken of '*deliberate* misrepresentation' and urging 'my fellow scholars' to 'suspend judgment and await reassessment of the new testimony'. That was good advice, which he has never followed himself but which he has never failed to offer others each time he raised his trumpet again. Only 12 days before the date of publication of *Mycenaeans and Minoans* the *Observer* ran still another article, opening, in the reporter's words: 'Professor L. R. Palmer said here to-day that he had further evidence that . . . Evans misrepresented his finds'.

Now the book is out, and near the end of the long egocentric introduction we read:

> Their [i.e., the specialists'] demands I shall try to meet elsewhere: they will find the detailed arguments and the relevant scholarly references in my forthcoming book . . .

In plain English, he still refuses to present his new controversial views in the only permissible way, by a systematic, reasoned examination of *all* the evidence and *all* the arguments. Instead we are given a carefully chosen selection of data, supported by miscellaneous quotations from other scholars also excerpted with great deliberateness (and usually without a reference), and golden silence on anything which could disturb the new picture.

What, the non-specialist may well wonder, is all the noise about? The main issues are chronological to begin with – the dates of the first entry of Greek-speaking people into Europe and later of the phases of the history of Cnossus – and flowing from them, some questions about Bronze Age civilisation in the Aegean, chiefly in the assignment of particular cultures and influences to particular people. Although a little of the evidence is linguistic, the really critical material is archaeological. Assessment of that evidence is a complicated technical process and only archaeologists experienced in this field can decide. The rest of us (including Professor Palmer) must wait for them to come to some agreement before trying to draw inferences from the tricky and incomplete finds.

At present there is no agreement whatever among the archaeologists. It is revealing that in the second half of the book, which is devoted to this controversy, there is little reference to Sinclair Hood, director of the Cnossus excavations, and none I could find to John Boardman of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford (for a time Professor Palmer's collaborator in preparing the field note-books for publication until they reached a basic disagreement on method). Neither name appears in the index (which is unreliable). A brief mention of Mr Hood at the end of the introduction is so phrased that some readers will think that he has now withdrawn his opposition to the Palmer position. The fact is that in the pages of *Antiquity* there has been a continuing debate through the whole of this year between Professor Palmer on the one side and Hood and Boardman on the other, dealing squarely with the whole controversy.

This half of the book, then, cannot be reviewed; one can merely protest and throw out a few caveats. The first half, which describes the decipherment of the Linear B tablets and some aspects of the history and society of the Mycenaean Age, chiefly in Pylos, is different in the sense that it offers little that Professor Palmer has not already said in various scholarly publications. But it is no different in method: the same accumulation of personal credit marks for having discovered this or that, the same one-sided selection of the views of others, the same confusion between fact and inference, the same failure to present the material in such a way that it can be judged without doing all the research for oneself. Whether that is worth the trouble may perhaps be decided from the two following quotations:

> The picture would have astonished Homer. . . . In fact, the picture of the Mycenaean polity which has gradually emerged . . . recalls the temple states of the Orient. . . . This close association shows itself in a variety of ways, in none more clearly or more fundamentally than the texts dealing with land-tenure.

> Certainly there is much . . . that recalls the temple economies of the contemporary Orient. Yet curiously enough it was the abundant new information on land tenure, a subject to which Dr Finley has devoted much attention, that showed a social structure which in its main lines is reconcilable with that of Homer's Heroic Age and wholly different from the Orient.

It is really the case that both quotations are taken from the same book and relate to exactly the same matter. I could leave it at that, but I must close on a personal note. The last time I criticised Professor Palmer's views in print he objected, among other things, to my supposed failure to reveal that I was *parti pris*. I will not repeat that mistake: I will declare myself *parti pris*. What he chooses to call my 'revolutionary' views (none of which he states or discusses) are first, that it is pretence to say that we understand the 'abundant new information on land tenure' at all (if that is indeed what those particular tablets are about); second, that insofar as we have a picture of Mycenaean society, it fits the first of the quotations and flatly contradicts the latter. Professor Palmer makes both statements, follows the second in his actual account, and tries still a third: 'the truth lies between the revolutionary notion and the traditional picture based on Homer.' Like Homer, I am astonished.

M. I. FINLEY

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Women

The Loved and the Lost. By MORLEY CALLAGHAN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

Land of the Living. By JOHN HEARNE. *Faber.* 18*s.*

The Last Hours of Sandra Lee. By WILLIAM SANSOM. *Hogarth.* 16*s.*

No Mother to Guide Her. By ANITA LOOS. *Barker.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Look Alike Lane. By MARGARET HALSEY. *Macdonald.* 16*s.*

The Purple Armchair. By OLGA HESKY. *Blond.* 15*s.*

A Multitude of Sins. By J. A. CUDDON. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 21*s.*

Killing a Mouse on Sunday. By EMERIC PRESSBURGER. *Collins.* 16*s.*

Many women, I suspect, smile sleek, secret smiles when they read what men have to say about them. How important women are! What lust and irritation they can provoke! And how stumblingly, with what humble, oafish tenderness, men try to express the awe and panic, the baffled, suspicious gratitude, the intoxication and rueful humility, the reluctant acceptance of another's values, that loving them involves. Animals with minds of their own; suckers for fashion who'd be unsexy without it; tarts that cling, wives that are independent; comrades with breasts; babies that play mother; guilt manufacturers; unattainable idiot cover-girls; frail beddable saints; the great unprotected invulnerable; the huge warm trap – all this and sister too, to say nothing of nuns, witches, drum-majorettes, and chairwomen. No wonder that male novelists' women characters are just as much *poupées intérieures* as the tall, decisive managers who stride about in the women's magazines.

'How to live with your failure to understand women', therefore, is the kind of *Reader's Digest* lesson we all need; and the boldest way is that of Morley Callaghan, in *The Loved and the Lost*, who simply admits his bewilderment. His central character, Peggy Sanderson, is a young, unambitious, curiously self-sufficient girl ('she possessed a strange kind of stillness'), who lives in a single bare room in Montreal, and has innocent friendships with Negro jazzmen. This, it seems, greatly perplexes her solemn admirer, Jim McAlpine, a former associate professor of history newly invited to be the Walter Lipp-

mann of the Montreal *Sun*. The book recounts his frustrated attempts to come close to her: just on the point of success, after a nightclub brawl that's upset her, he gallantly spurns a too-easy seduction, then returns next morning to find she's been raped and murdered. Sad.

Mr Callaghan is one of what Perelman once called 'the old *transition* crowd' – a Canadian who lived in Hemingway's Paris, was a friend of Scott Fitzgerald, and had stories printed by Ezra Pound. Little of his work has appeared over here, but Edmund Wilson has likened him to Chekhov. In face of such testimonials, criticism may sound shrill: but I found this an oddly leaden book, pervaded by Jim McAlpine's clumsy innocence, and chiefly redeemed by his rather pedestrian honesty. Sometimes, this dogged simplicity tells: snow and cold ache through the story; Peggy's dangerous assurance is counterpointed by McAlpine's uncertain, tentative efforts to understand; and the frailness of such sensitive behaviour is heightened by its contrast with rough-and-ready Montreal. But while all this elaborately delineates a classic 'failure of communication', Peggy herself emerges not as the mystery innocent presumably intended by the author, but as a rather smug and patronising refugee from Greenwich Village.

John Hearne's more sophisticated pen plausibly portrays two women in the life of Stefan Mahler, a Jewish refugee settled on the imaginary island of Cayuna, in the West Indies. This is presented with all the vividness it had in Mr Hearne's earlier descriptions; but, once again, the women are more difficult. Bernice, Stefan's dusky and enthusiastic mistress, is a familiar fantasy: his ex-alcoholic, ex-promiscuous wife is more subtly and convincingly drawn. Mr Hearne uses, with reflective skill, the sense of bafflement, of otherness, that Stefan feels in trying to probe his way into their lives: there's a warm, seized reality here that doesn't rely only on sensuous vividness but also harnesses the anxious perceptions of an alien. As a faltering progress from mistress to wife, *Land of the Living* does a fairly unambitious job extremely well. Unfortunately, in its search for a significant climax, it gets perfunctorily involved in a semi-political denouement totally lacking the urgency which its first introduction promises.

From bafflement to knowingness. William Sansom's recent writing career seems to me a series of disappointments. From the immediacy and the Kafka-like resonances of *Fireman Flower*, through the sharp malice of *The Face of Innocence* and the decorative wit of later stories, to *The Last Hours of Sandra Lee*, it's downhill most of the way. Sandra Lee is a women's-magazine heroine viewed with irony sufficiently tenuous to make her all too acceptable to her like: a typist on the verge of matrimony who goes wild (but not Wicked) at the office Christmas party. Remembering Angus Wilson's treatment of such dismal shindigs, I longed to swim up out of the shallow, lukewarm depths of Sandra's mind, where Mr Sansom splashes about with apparent pleasure, surfacing only now and then for a breath of the old crisp air.

After the women characters, the women novelists are refreshing. In *No Mother to Guide Her*, the author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* dons the personality of Elmer Bliss, a happy innocent whom she claims was Hollywood's first PRO, and who was certainly the only one to believe implicitly his own starry-eyed handouts. The book has verve, and splendidly 1929-ish illustrations: the tone nicely blends the gush of Lorelei with the idiocy of a transatlantic Mr Pooter. The only trouble is that the innocent-in-Hollywood gag was milked dry nearly 40 years ago by Harry Leon Wilson's *Merton of the Movies*.

Look Alike Lane is an inept title-of-convenience for what in the States was known as *This Demi-Paradise* – confusing, maybe, but more characteristic, since Margaret Halsey's imaginary suburban diarist is quick on the draw with Elizabethan quotations. In more modern mood she might describe herself as the E. M. Delafield of upstate New York, since this kind of glib near-wit is the small change of her parish annals. Easy reading, with admirable Democratic sentiments: but thin stuff after *With Malice Towards Some*.

Lastly, three oddities. *The Purple Armchair* is a very superior Thing from outer space that finds the man of the future too flabby to be worth saving – shrewd, gloomy SF satire on current 'affluent' trends. *A Multitude of Sins*, a first novel by the author of a rich and lively book on Istanbul, is a serious, well-intentioned, but awkward study of an ex-monk and a lapsed priest, with manic and sexual trimmings that recall the late and (by me) unlamented Charles Williams. *Killing a Mouse on Sunday* is an engaging first novel by the Hungarian half of Powell and Pressburger: a kind of Spanish Western of subtle but archetypal simplicity, it cries out to be filmed – but by Fred Zinneman, in *High Noon* mood, rather than by Michael Powell.

RICHARD MAYNE

Cold Fish

Memoirs of a Public Servant. By LORD SALTER. *Faber*. 30*s*.

Twenty-six Years 1879-1905. By SIR ARTHUR RICHMOND. *Bles*. 21*s*.

The British Civil Service is a great keeper of secrets. From time to time some zealous researcher will nibble at one of its visible extremities by producing facts and figures on the educational and social backgrounds of those who enter it, and sometimes rather less reverent critics (like the *Daily Mirror*) will have a go at the other end by carefully analysing the honours and awards that twice a year fall like confetti all over Whitehall. But for any real venture into the interior one is inevitably driven back onto the reminiscences, the autobiographies and the memoirs; and even here habits of discretion (which traditionally Generals – and even Bishops – gaily throw overboard the moment they are safely retired) die hard amongst those who have inhabited the ante-rooms of government offices. For every Vansittart there are a dozen Strangs.

Neither Lord Salter nor Sir Arthur Richmond ever rose to that kind of level. Both, in fact, dwelt in the strange hinterland – that 20th-century *éminence grise*, Lionel Curtis, makes appropriate appearances in both books – which separates the true professional from the accidental amateur. Of the two Sir Arthur is content to take his account only up to the moment when, at the age of 26, he received a message from the permanent secretary of the Board of Education inviting him to become his private secretary – apparently on the ground that he had greatly impressed him by screaming with rage on his bed as a child. Lord Salter, on the other hand, (also now an octogenarian) does at least attempt the full treatment.

The effort, however, is scarcely a wholehearted one, and Lord Salter emerges, in

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fact, as much more interested in what he can conceal than what he can reveal. The Director of Ship Requisitioning in the First World War, the general secretary of the Reparations Commission, an original member of the League of Nations Secretariat, the head of the British Shipping Mission in Washington in the 1939-45 War – it is almost inconceivable that a man of so varied an experience can tell so commonplace a tale. Perhaps, though, the clue is contained in such enormously discreet remarks as 'I cannot to this moment recall how or why I found myself at All Souls and a Professor in October'. And although once Lord Salter becomes an active politician he does break free a little – there are some scathing remarks about members of Mr Attlee's Government, and an understandably angry outburst (from one who was at the time senior burgess for Oxford University) about the abolition of university seats – he never quite succeeds in getting rid of the training of a lifetime.

It is rather the same – though the other way round – with Sir Arthur Richmond. His book, which has rather less weight though far more charm than Lord Salter's, begins full of promise; at moments – as he describes his childhood home in Hammersmith, his miserable loneliness at his private school, and his amazingly adventurous youthful travels – it almost seems as if the miracle has occurred of the discovery of a new L. E. Jones.

But once Sir Arthur – as an £80 a year city clerk – accepts the offer to join (if only on the fringe) Lord Milner's 'kindergarten', something happens. The writing becomes ponderous, the references to some extremely peculiar resident magistrates then operating in South Africa extraordinarily restrained, and the young man who had seemed attractive in a shy kind of way becomes a person of unbearable solemnity. By the time the message arrives to return to England and join the Board of Education Sir Arthur is seen making exactly the same kind of cold-blooded calculations as Lord Salter seems to have brought to every possible decision.

Both Lord Salter (the self-made boat-builder's son from Oxford) and Sir Arthur Richmond (the Royal Academician's) are constantly at pains to emphasise how differently they felt from other people. Lord Salter confesses that he did not know a single woman (except for his family circle) by her christian name until he was 30, and he offers two separate tributes to the advantage of having only coldly official relationships with other human beings with whom one works.

ANTHONY HOWARD

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Hard Falls

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. By MURIEL SPARK. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Cramond is a small fishing village just outside Edinburgh. On the wall of its only public lavatory, I gather, are the words, 'Is *no one* queer in Cramond?' That cry has now been answered. Miss Jean Brodie is. She goes there in her prime to sleep with the music master of the girls' school at which she teaches, Mr Lowther, while remaining heart-true to the art master, Mr Lloyd. She may not be the lesbian that her favourite pupils, her famous 'set', eventually guess her to be; but she is drastically at odds with the conventions of Edinburgh life. *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* shows her, arrested in a mythic menopause, as a bright, unbridled spinster of very great absurdity and aplomb. Mrs Spark's is a remarkable novel, by turns pleasing and perplexing: the wit is ripe and treacherous, the whole effect that of a long, light, negligent and elusive joke. In this respect, and because of its postman's-knock-like sexual permutations, it may recall Miss Murdoch's *Severed Head.* But the puzzles in *A Severed Head* are pompous and defeating. Those in Mrs Spark are of the kind that art allows and even favours – though some strange things do happen in the closing pages. Her puzzles help to create a fine provocative picture of the Edinburgh of the Thirties. Queerest of all about Miss Brodie is that she belongs to the only serious fiction I know which is concerned with the urban Scottish life of late years.

The joke turns, as it was bound to, on sex, religion and respectability. Mrs Spark follows Linklater's jovial lead in carrying sex to Edinburgh, ascribing to that sober place a degree of irregularity far beyond what is publicly thought to exist. In point of fact this is like the carrying of coals to that other city, since Edinburgh – there is reason to suppose – is in reality fairly well begrimed with clandestine love. In Edinburgh, too, the kiss is delivered, and with more energy than in lax Rome or Paris. That Scotch vocabulary which relegates the act of love to a minority of dafties and delinquents is very wittily purloined. People are apt to 'commit sex'. Rearing up big and blue, Arthur's Seat is depicted as a hive of assignations and misconduct – 'you took me in the bracken on Arthur's Seat while the storm raged about us.' This is the language of Miss Brodie's set, who devise for her an imaginary *billet doux*: 'Allow me, in conclusion, to congratulate you warmly upon your sexual intercourse, as well as your singing.'

From this blend of home-truth and paradox, chiefly conveyed, of course, in the thrilled surmises of the girls themselves, a great deal of shrewd and lively entertainment is drawn. I grew up myself in Edinburgh during these years and can vouch for this account of its shames and decencies. Our God had 'planned for practically everybody before they were born a nasty surprise when they died.' Mrs Spark sees how Calvinism has been discouraged, but also sees that young people may be open to nostalgia, may wish for a resurgence, if only because this might supply them with a better basis for rejecting it once and for all. Miss Brodie, who plots and cajoles with the force of Providence itself, is a self-appointed member of the Elect whose excesses are those of that very important Scottish person, the justified sinner. She is therefore one of those in whom God has placed 'an erroneous sense of joy and salvation, so that their surprise at the end might be the nastier.' We have to wait till the end of the book to learn how hard she has to fall.

Edinburgh is caught in many other delicate traps. People wear tussore and use words like 'yonder'; boys and girls engage in curt, derisive colloquies over their meshed bicycle wheels. And the wilder moods of the more earnest and militant city schools of Scotland have seldom been so well exposed. Scottish teachers are no more prone than the rest to form the occasional coven of mixed darlings to whom their prime is duly consecrated. But they are an obstinate lot, which is no doubt why their wage claims seem to prosper, and very fond of the kind of clash between colleagues, and the consequent chronic mutual sabotage, which are recounted in Mrs Spark's novel.

Miss Brodie coaches her set in habits of high-mindedness and in a deference to the vital new nations of Italy and Germany, which is presently to prove her undoing. She regales them with the drama of her loves and grooms Rose, 'famous for sex', as a substitute partner for Mr Lloyd, with whom she herself will not sleep. Her plans begin to crystallise. She tells Sandy, shrewdest of them all, who becomes a nun, what she intends for Sandy and for Rose, who has been urged to sit incessantly for the amorous art master.

> 'Do you know, Sandy dear, all my ambitions are for you and Rose. You have got insight, perhaps not quite spiritual, but you're a deep one, and Rose has got instinct, Rose has got instinct.'
>
> 'Perhaps not quite spiritual,' said Sandy.

Despite all this predestination, Rose stays untouched while Sandy is taken instead, thereby sustaining a conversion to Catholicism. As Sister Helena, behind bars, she is famous for her treatise, 'The Transfiguration of the Commonplace.'

Here the joke breaks down. Sandy's flight into Catholicism is skimped. It has none of the cogency of her previous flirtation with Calvinism, none of the lustre of Miss Brodie's monstrous vivacity. Besides that, we are apparently invited to acquiesce in Sandy's betrayal of her mentor.

> 'It's only possible to betray where loyalty is due,' said Sandy.
>
> 'Well, wasn't it due to Miss Brodie?'
>
> 'Only up to a point,' said Sandy.

This is very enigmatic. The fobbing off of Miss Brodie, in her full endearing fascist absurdity, puts out claws which tear up large tracts of the foregoing book. Mrs Spark can scarcely have wanted to scratch the face of Roman piety a little before rounding off, or

to include the glimmerings of a liberal line. If so, she has made a mess of it. We are left feeling that she has credited Sandy with exactly 'the sense of joy and salvation' the dangers of which have already been expounded. All this is a great gaffe, a nasty surprise which makes the author seem to slide back before our eyes into antinomian Calvinism, a justified sinner with the sourness and solipsism of her kind. Catholicism is queer in Edinburgh, but it can't be as queer as that.

KARL MILLER

St Pancras in Hell

Grace and Favour. By LOELIA, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

Glancing through this book one expects to be either irritated or amused according to one's temperament. The cover incorporates an *ex libris* design commissioned from Rex Whistler for a wedding present. The photographs ('My Parents Out Shooting', 'A civic function in Chester', 'The crowds outside the Registry Office') are so 'right' one suspects a send-up. The style is breathless and cliché-ridden. The foreword is by Noel at his most too, too terribly (he writes of duchesses and such, 'Their heartbreaks are no longer valid and their very labour pains reactionary'). But in fact this book is quite important and on two levels.

Firstly, because the Duchess has a good memory and has kept a journal, it is a useful and fascinating social document. But, more pertinently, because she has suffered badly both as a child and as a wife, she has written a book which, for all the bright chat, condemns, perhaps unconsciously but *from the inside*, a dying system. Here are Auden's 'old gang to be forgotten in the spring, the hard bitch and the riding master' at their grizzliest.

A friend of mine once proposed the theory that what really separates the working classes from the rest is that, as children, they hear their parents make love. This may be so, but it is certain that what separates the upper classes from the rest is that they have no contact with their parents at all. It may be that the Duchess was especially unfortunate in her parents' choice of governesses, most of whom would have done credit to the imagination of the Marquis de Sade; but, even if they had been kind and gentle, an absolute deprivation of any regular parental affection or even dislike must be a damaging introduction to reality.

What butterfly emerged from this miserable cocoon? A very silly girl. Evelyn Waugh, who makes a brief appearance in this section of the book, has given, because he is a magician, a glamour to the 'bright young things'; but how trivial they were. Of the General Strike for instance: 'Quite frankly, my friends and I were amused by the novelty and excitement of the strike and it was over before it began to pall'. It is now fashionable to attack the fashionable preoccupation with social problems in the smart monthlies, but surely, for all the dubious elements involved, this is better than being 'amused' by the novelty of hardship and desperation.

And so her marriage to that impossible obstreperous brute, the Duke of Westminster. Like a spoilt and evil baby he raced round the world surrounded by toadies and hangers-on. The Duchess regrets that Eaton Hall, his ridiculous country seat in Cheshire, known, although she doesn't mention it, as 'St Pancras in Paradise', is falling to bits. I can't say I agree with her. The late Duke would provide a splendid subject for an English *Citizen Kane*. Divorce was inevitable. And it is surprising how restrained she manages to be about him.

A final story. The Duke and Duchess were staying at the Hotel Lotti in Paris. In the middle of the night he demanded a peach. There were none in the building. An apprentice waiter was sent out to find one. No greengrocer was open so he broke a window, took one, and ran back 'happy to think that he had kept his job'. That man was Orwell.

GEORGE MELLY

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Cleaning

ANDREW FORGE

Last May I contributed an article to the NEW STATESMAN on the controversy which had recently reopened on the cleaning of old masters at the National Gallery. Discussing in particular two paintings by Titian, the *Noli me Tangere* and *The Virgin and Child with SS John and Catherine*, I asked whether cleaning to the maximum extent had been necessary for the well-being of these pictures. In the following issue of the NEW STATESMAN a letter appeared asking that this and other questions I had raised be answered before the National Gallery cleaned any more Titians. The letter was signed by an impressive list of names made up of two eminent art historians, three well-known art critics and seven painters – all, significantly, modern painters. There was no reply from the National Gallery. However, in July, the Titian *Madonna and Child*, which was in process of being cleaned, was put on view in its half-cleaned state. Cleaning had proceeded in horizontal strips across the picture and the public was invited to judge the results of cleaning by comparing the cleaned bands with the uncleaned ones. This exhibit was further explained in a broadcast by Sir Philip Hendy in which he repeated the extremely well-worn and indeed self-evident arguments in favour of removing discoloured and opaque varnish.

The next development was a letter in *The Times* of 27 August, signed by Professor Sir Anthony Blunt, Professor E. H. Gombrich and Professor John White. The signatories were not opposed to cleaning as such but were extremely worried by the methods and the results at the National Gallery. Exhibiting half-cleaned pictures proved nothing; a fair test would be to show the controversial pictures beside pictures which the National Gallery's critics considered well cleaned. Meanwhile various attempts had been made to discuss these matters publicly. The National Gallery refused to enter officially into any such debate. Finally the ICA arranged two meetings, the first to be devoted to technical exposition on the part of experts connected with the Gallery, the second to be devoted to discussion of all or any problems attendant on cleaning. Thus a formula was arrived at which established an imaginary division between what the chairman of both meetings, Mr Eric Newton, insisted on calling 'facts' and 'emotions'.

Only one of the three speakers at the first meeting was in fact on the staff of the National Gallery – this was Mr R. H. G. Thomson, the Gallery's Senior Scientific Officer, not a Cleaner. The others were Mr N. S. Bromelle, now on the staff of the Victoria and Albert Museum, who had been responsible for cleaning the Titian *Noli me Tangere*, and Mr Helmut Ruhemann, the central figure in any discussion of National Gallery cleaning policy. No art historian connected with the Gallery was on the platform.

Mr Ruhemann opened his illustrated talk with a statement of principle: that the aim of cleaning was to restore the picture to its original condition and to be guided in this by the technique of the master and by his intentions as far as they could be ascertained. On the all-important question of final glazes, he said that these were not as vulnerable as was often maintained. There were 45 different criteria for distinguishing between original and later paint. Mr Bromelle described the cleaning of individual pictures and the identification and cleaning away of later repaintings. Mr Thomson discussed four particular aspects of conservation: the making and use of micro-sections, the action of solvents, the behaviour of copper resinate, and the action of ultra-violet light on pictures. On the subject of solvents he pointed out that there was an essential difference between varnish and oil-bound paint in that varnish was composed of discrete molecules, whereas oil bound itself together as it dried into a more of less homogeneous whole in which molecules were actually linked together. Thus whereas the right solvent could easily remove a varnish, an old oil film presented a far less vulnerable target.

The second evening was devoted to discussion on the platform, where in the event the National Gallery position was supported by two people: Mr Keith Sutton, who spoke on the desirability of cleaning more Titians, and the chairman, Mr Eric Newton. Ruhemann, Bromelle and Thomson were in the audience and spoke at length. David Sylvester read a paper in which he made two points. When we speak of a cleaned picture as a wreck we do not necessarily mean that it has suffered material damage but that its internal relationships, which are what make it a work of art, are wrecked. To talk about the 'incoherence' of the *Virgin and Child with SS* in its present state is more than a purely subjective reaction, because our ideas of 16th-century coherence can be widely discussed, defined, verified by comparison. The art of the past is not like modern art where almost anything can happen.

His second point – of some importance – was to indicate the divergence of scientific opinion in the field of picture cleaning. He raised the question of acetone, one of the solvents used at the National Gallery: on this issue scientists were in flat disagreement with each other, yet the position of the Gallery appeared to be unaffected by this disagreement. It apparently raised no questions in their minds. After the scientist from the National Gallery had replied to this, Mr Stephen Rhys Jones, Head of the Department of Technology at the Courtauld Institute, tried to explain his dissenting views on the acetone problem. He was prevented from

doing so by the chair, but not before Mr Sylvester's point had been comically proved.

Professor E. H. Gombrich and Dr Otto Kurtz both produced documentary evidence that painters of the past intended to complete their pictures with toned glazes. Pliny described this practice among the painters of antiquity and his text must have been familiar in the 16th century. Dr Kurtz quoted sources to indicate that glazing was not necessarily a uniform effect but was modulated from one passage to another. The old masters were also well aware of the fact that time affected their colours, that oil yellowed and darkened. Both historians put up a plea for at least a trace of historical humility from the Gallery.

Robert Medley, speaking straight from his eye, asked whether we were to take it that the cleaned Titians were bad Titians? The blues were unimaginative, crudely modulated, meaningless. Are these characteristics of Titian? Also Memlinck: the colour of the cleaned Chatsworth picture was not only bad but untypical of Memlinck. The conclusions forced on him by these pictures were in full accord with the conclusions Gombrich and Kurtz based on documentary evidence.

The discussion that followed revealed two things: the first, that the Gallery was quite unable to understand the essential premise on which all our objections were based, which was that damage could be done to a picture without actually destroying any particular isolated part of its surface and that damage could also be done to it as an aesthetic whole. Their failure to understand this (or their refusal to discuss it) gave all their replies a tone of peculiar unreality. I had asked at the first session why the Gallery cleaned pictures in small patches and strips in view of the fact that nobody can assess a picture in small patches and strips. I was told that it was done in order to provide photographic records. When I returned to the question on the second night I was told that the small areas cleaned were not always of the same size: that if a mouth was being cleaned it would be a small patch, but if a robe it would be a large patch! It hardly needs saying that pictorial relationships do not function by quite so crude a logic as this. There were several other jokes of this kind, but the funniest moment came when they asked the platform why we thought that the tonality of Renaissance oil painting was so different from the tonality of Renaissance tempera or mosaics.

The second thing was that it really did look as though the arguments of the fanatical anti-cleaning-of-any-kind enthusiasts had built up a sort of psychological immunity to doubt in the minds of the cleaners themselves. They continually addressed their critics as though they were against all cleaning. It looked as if no problems existed for them except technical ones and that complacency had been won by simply refusing to admit that a painting is anything more than a physical object.

The controversy cannot be allowed to rest here. We were told in the same evening that the aim of cleaning was to restore the painting to its original condition. Later we were told that in the past cleaning had been done with such things as sand, caustic, urine, and that few pictures had escaped these attentions. We were not told where this left the original painting. We were shown radical disagreement among experts, historians and scientists. When specialists disagree over the safety of medical treatment being given to one's child, does one shrug and say carry on?

At the end of the second evening Mr Michael Kitson, a student of Claude Lorraine, stood up to ask a question about the Claude *Echo and Narcissus* at the National Gallery. This picture contains a nymph, he told us, which appears draped in Claude's own drawing after the painting; it appears draped in an 18th-century engraving after the painting; it was draped in the National Gallery picture until recently, when the picture appeared cleaned and the nymph nude. He asked for an explanation and did not get one.

The London Magazine November 3s 6d

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Edited by Alan Ross

The Snookered Sort

JOHN COLEMAN

Robert Rossen's *The Hustler* (Leicester Square) moves straight into its finest, most authoritative half-hour: a game of snooker played out in a cavernous New York pool-room, turning – as night becomes day behind the blinds, then night again – into a tournament of wills. Brash young Eddie (Paul Newman) challenges the uncrowned champion of America, Minnesota Fats of the impeccable button-hole and talcumed hands. For a while Eddie wins, drinking, boasting, roaring with laughter. A lizard-eyed gambler watches, suddenly speaks: 'He's a loser', a quiet explosion that resounds through what follows. For Eddie does lose and the film moves slowly into its larger subject, disastrously, as it turns out. He picks up a crippled alcoholic girl in a coach station, they cohabit, he gets his thumbs broken for pretending to be a rabbit at snooker with some wagering roughs. Then the steely man who prophesied loss takes him over, matches him against a West Coast playboy, drives his girl to suicide. The end finds Eddie back in New York, challenging Fats again, winning and yet snookered in the same moment – or so one is invited to read it.

The fact is there can be no genuine confrontation between what the girl sees as 'winning' for Eddie (cherishing her, breaking away from the game) and Eddie's own drives: the issue is simplified into a pun. All the more sad, because there are unusually well-judged performances from all the principals (Piper Laurie is the girl, George C. Scott the evil buyer of souls, and Jackie Gleason craftily cast as Fats); much of the dialogue is edgily real; and all the interiors reek with atmosphere. It's the sort of film that proves the wilful idiocy of that line about the irrelevance of content strongly plugged by *Cahiers du Cinéma* and their English adherents: shot with immense technical confidence, it still has to deal in humanity and, at a crucial point, it tumbles.

Shadow of Adultery (Berkeley) is directed by a one-time French film critic, Alexandre Astruc, known to *aficionados* as the man who invented the phrase *'camera stylo'*. What he means by that pregnant coinage – apart from 'camera-pen' or 'writing camera' – is made no clearer by his new film, which is a cold clever piece about three unpleasant people, the sides of an amorous triangle. The woman Anna, a cross between a case-history out of Simone de Beauvoir's *Le Deuxième Sexe* and almost any misunderstood wife from a story in *Elle* (not such a cross when one comes to think of it), finds her rich husband Eric insufficiently concerned with her dynamic aspirations (she runs an art gallery, rather lethargically, in fact) to be seen as a separate thinking human being. With an initial reluctance that is nicely conveyed, she gives herself to Bruno, a very superior recording engineer, abysmally portrayed by that dull totem, Christian Marquand. After idyllic days at his country place, first cut to in a lush overspill of a Bach cantata from that recording studio, Anna senses yet another masculine trap and drives off in her white car at the end, leaving us with a doleful image of poor Marquand in the driving-miror. An unecessary amount of nudging from that *camera stylo* seems to go on – 'look, she's miffed because Bruno admires those ultra-modern blocks', 'ah, she's looking at the conjugal bed from an outside balcony and thinking something appropriate' and so on. Into this sterile anatomy of a modern woman (I suppose), the superb Annie Girardot breathes what life she can.

The fifth London Film Festival now coming to a close at the NFT, with works drawn mostly from the year's earlier jury-festivals at Cannes, Venice, Moscow and Berlin, has inevitably been an invitation to gorge, a sort of giant foretaste – since distributors keep an increasingly canny eye on this annual skimming of the cream – of the foreign films most likely to provide talking-points, and pleasure, during the next few months. Twenty five feature-length films from 13 countries will have been shown by the end of the week. Of these I have seen some 18 – a reviewer needs a juggler's cunning and spare heads at this one time of the year – and Italy seems to have just about carried the palm away from France.

My favourite is undoubtedly Ermanno Olmi's *Il Posto*, which traces a young boy's first days in his first job, the examination

that leads to it, the adolescent love for a girl met in the exam-room, the temporary role of office-boy, and the final sidling down into a desk of his own, against a crescendo of duplicating machinery. It is a film without music: others went berserk with Bach and Beethoven, forgetting there might be music-lovers in the house; and it makes its visual effects with a similar reticence. Ermanno Olmi's background is in documentary and it has served him brilliantly. Tenderly but unsentimentally, he unwraps the boy and girl in a handful of shots: when they run, there is a blur; when they toy with their emptied cups in a coffee-bar, wondering where to put them, the camera holds respectfully still; when the boy arrives early at the near-deserted office party on New Year's Eve, a paper hat rammed on his head, a bottle shoved between his hands, we watch him from a distance for a long time, while he moves to a table, sits down, gets up, slowly takes off his mac, settles again – and the hitherto unseen band blares out a kind of triumph. This is one of the most pathetically funny sustained sequences I have ever seen.

The boy himself, Alessandro Panzeri, shy smile, diffident eyes darting, has already been pigeon-holed as having something of Keaton in his make-up: George Cole, too, one would suggest, before that cockney kid was corralled into gentility and that terrible television series. Impossible to tell whether there is a star in the making here. The girl (Loredana Detto) wonderfully fills out her more knowing role in the game, as well, and it may be a matter of directorial magic. The only ungainly moment comes in the quick shorthand attempts to cut in the lives of some of the boy's fellow-workers: more or less is needed; less, one should have thought, given the economy of the rest. *Il Posto*, I ought to add, was awarded the Festival's prize.

Accattone, a first film from the novelist Pasolini, supplies a more conventional film image of Italian city life. We are back with pimps and whores, the boys of *Sciuscia* or their baby brothers grown up and adrift in easy brutality. Impatience with the subject-matter possibly inclined me to underrate this slice of a *ragazzo di vita's* life when I saw it: it lingers disturbingly in the mind and, if its actors were really purloined from their environment as I have been told, then RADA can shut up tomorrow. The most intelligent of the Festival's offerings – and one certain to get a wider showing – was Jean-Pierre Melville's *Léon Morin, Priest*. Based in Grenoble in 1940, it lifts a novelettish plot into life by the sheer cut-and-thrust of its dialogues between the young priest – played by Belmondo with a serious sparkling intensity that raises him, on this performance alone, into the ranks of great film actors – and a questioning, loving widow (Emmanuele Riva). To this extraordinary religious colloquy, it adds an impression of France under the occupation that makes other war films seem like propaganda.

There was also the heavy, sometimes moving, often stupefying operatic opus that is Yulia Solntseva's homage to her husband Dovzhenko – *Story of the Turbulent Years*: at the least, a war spectacular, in 70 mm, to end them all. There were Torre Nilsson's two Argentinian nasties, the second of which – *Summer Skin* – devastatingly counterpointed a moneyed simplicity of smooth swimming-pools and long beaches with wrinkles, rancour and stupidity. And there were, of course, the latest ripples of the *nouvelle vague:* a 'remake' of Renoir's *Tire-au-flanc*, with boisterous borrowings from the school-of-custard-pie, and a plane sky-writing – out of the blue, as it were – *'Les Cahiers du Cinéma'*; and Jean-Luc Godard's *Une Femme est Une Femme*, an improvisation on the theme of *Les Jeux de l'Amour*, with enough inbred jokes to satisfy the most ardent young *cinéastes:* cannibalism at its most private and, to my mind, comically appealing.

Necessary Privilege

DAVID DREW

We still have much to learn from Stravinsky's conducting of his own music. His presence on our shores is a privilege at any time; but what he leaves behind is, in fact, very substantial. Last week he conducted for the BBC two performances of his 'melodrama', *Persephone*. *Persephone* has been played a number of times in England since the war, but many things in the work were heard for the first time the other day.

If it is ever easy to kill a great work of art, then *Persephone* is an easy victim. The long fine veins of its lyricism invite the clumsy razor, the strange slow procession of its tempi enrages the journeyman conductor. But Stravinsky's performance protects the work and nourishes us. The tempi are so firm you can touch them. When Eumolpus leaps into song after the great climax to Part 2, there is a standing temptation for every sitting performer and conductor to lose the tempo. But Stravinsky's right arm shoots up and forbids it. In a comma's space, he carries the orchestra from *pesante, marcatissimo*, to *scherzando, grazioso*, without losing a cubic

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ounce of energy. One could dance on the line which crosses that comma, without breaking it.

Stravinsky's accompaniments are an education, whether he is composing them or conducting them. In fact, there are no *accompaniments;* everything leads, somewhere. Last week, Stravinsky showed us what Eumolpus's arias in Part 2 are really about. Except when Eumolpus is singing preludes and postludes, his position is equivocal. If Persephone is only a speaker, what right has he to sing? To solve the dilemma, Stravinsky invents a quite new type of obbligato aria, which is an exact analogy to his melodrama settings. In both, the accompanying instruments are the singers. In the melodrama, the speaker speaks, and in the arias, the singer also 'speaks', but with his singing voice. It is a fearsome assignment, requiring technique and musicianship of the highest order. Loren Driscoll managed his almost Purcellian runs with admirable precision. But it was Stravinsky who demonstrated that the instrumental cantilenas are as much the centre of the arias as the melodramas.

The weakness of the performance lay with the chorus, who let '*piano*' or '*dolce*' absolve them from responsibility to rhythm. They could have learnt from Vera Zorina's performance of the spoken title role. Her timing and rhythm are both sharp and flexible, like a blade of esparto grass. The spoken words are made to listen to the music.

Persephone is an elusive work. Except in the orchestral interludes – a problem – the music is always in flight. We needed Stravinsky to show us the wings.

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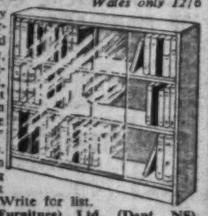

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Straight Faces

CLANCY SIGAL

BBC's one-hour *The Death Penalty* was fair and reasonable, with the inevitable but not urgent bias toward the abolishers. Patrick O'Donovan's commentary did not entirely avoid the over-detachment endemic in attempting to balance out a really controversial issue. Stronger emotions exist on both sides than the programme let on. Admittedly, it is difficult to conjure these up without pandering to them, so perhaps, for once, BBC-restraint was in order. The bishops were unwholesomely sanctimonious, Pierrepoint the hangman observed, 'The knot is the secret of it', and Sir Thomas Moore predictably made scaffold voodoo with old lady cottagers and raped young girls and, with a straight face, pitied prisoners who were allowed to rot away in prison rather than be judicially murdered.

A pity Camus' powerful essay wasn't quoted, and we needed rather more from the psychiatrist who suggested murderers were hanged for having aroused our denied, latent aggressions. (Incidentally, what about the unconscious motives of the anti-capital-punishers? Don't they have any?) Gerald Gardiner summed up, 'What we do to the murderer is far crueller than that which he has done to his victim.' The point of a quietly insistent police lobby for retention was registered.

On BBC, the science-fiction *A for Andromeda* continues to fail to live up to its eerie credit pictures, Ted Willis's *Flower of Evil* is turning out to be the best unconscious comedy programme since the Goons died, *Monitor* persists in mucking up its shots of artists at work with those deeply unrewarding face-to-face interviews, and Berkely Mather's crime series *You Can't Win* sails along on nonsensical scripts and morals and high professionalism in all other departments.

Stuart Burge's production of Graham Greene's West End success, *The Complaisant Lover,* was one of those rare instances where nothing blended but where sheer polish and excellence rendered it worthy. That very good actress, Rosalie Crutchley, was, I think, miscast as the dentist's faithless wife: with her sinewy, slightly hurt, outspoken charm it wasn't easy to believe that the dreadful suburbs weighed that heavily. The early scenes of the dentist (Andrew Cruickshank) playing practical jokes on his wife's lover struck just the right chord of slightly anxious vulgarity. But by the time Alan Badel, as the lover, got around to the key line, 'One can't even have a tragedy these days without a banana skin to slip upon', *he* seemed less weighed down by irony than by chronic Restoration *weltschmerz.* The play was well put together but never really lived, TV and three good actors showing it up as flat, untrue, lifelessly rooted in its thesis on sex (it's dirty).

Whereas the reverse was true of Granada's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance,* which TV seemed to sharpen and clarify. John Arden's play about the mysterious Victorian fanatic who arrives with three soldiers in a strike-bound Northern colliery town moved me at the Royal Court, but I never knew what it was about. On TV, with the camera able to concentrate and close-up on Patrick McGoohan playing Musgrave, the pacifist intent at the climax was made unmistakeable and the author's wrought ambiguities were preserved. Stuart Burge again directing.

The more I see of Schools-TV the more I like what I see, although I should want the advice of experienced teachers before pronouncing on its merit as a teaching aid, of which I remain unconvinced. BBC's *Spotlight* on the United Nations, produced by Colin Nears, was an admirable example of how to deal clearly and simply with a complicated subject: it encompassed the original aims of UN, and the present crisis, with good charts and well-chosen but non-inflammatory newsreel footage in a way that I think might provoke young people to want to know more. It was considerably straighter, more useful, and at bottom more sophisticated, than many 'adult' news programmes.

By far the most rousing TV incident was the lynching party that *Tonight* arranged for the head of the National Union of Teachers, Sir Ronald Gould. If for no other reason than their occasional surfacing with something like this, the fast-off-the-mark and indelibly philistine *Tonight* remains my favourite. Only a few hours after he sold the pass to the Minister of Education (or, depending on your point of view, tactically retreated on the one-day strike and refusal of school meals service) Sir Ronald was persuaded to sit facing two tiers of outraged teachers in the flesh and a couple more, by TV, in the North. 'Why have you betrayed us?' the teachers demanded, at least one of them almost apoplectically Sir Ronald, looking more and more like Michael Redgrave in *Fame is the Spur,* tried to explain. The teachers were furious. The calmest of them warned in the middle of uproar, 'You'll find yourself President of a tiny union of old ladies of both sexes.'

Shape

DAVID SYLVESTER

Perhaps the thing we find most difficult to take now about much of the characteristic art of the inter-war years is its shapeyness. Shapeyness is what happens when an emphatic formalisation of outlines directed towards clear and rhythmic surface design is used as the easiest available means of achieving coherent pattern – and to no other evident purpose. An aesthetic solution is reached within a vacuum: the shapes have too arbitrary a relation to the physical characteristics of the things they stand for and an indifference to their particular human implications. This last attribute is what is really repugnant about shapey painting, because it wastes the high potentiality for immediate emotive expressiveness of emphatic shape.

Picasso, Léger, Matisse tend to use shape insistently but are not shapey painters because it is not the shapes we notice. The shapey painters – they can be spotted by the machine-turned look of their forms – include Gleizes, Ozenfant, Wyndham Lewis, Severini, Juan Gris in his figure paintings. Diego Rivera and Marcel Gromaire may seem obvious candidates: the rhythmic patterns they make out of shapes certainly thrust themselves under our noses. But the shapes are used meaningfully, not aesthetically. In Gromaire's nudes the taut line has a terrific eloquence – it conveys a sense of physical energy and well-being and at the same time a sense of uneasiness and nervous tension,

and also brings with it overtones of sardonic comment on this dichotomy: comment directed not only at the subject but, one feels, back at the artist's own involvement in it. The Gromaire exhibition at the Mayor Gallery of drawings of the nude and water-colours is a small show, but the drawings give us the essence of his trenchant sensuality.

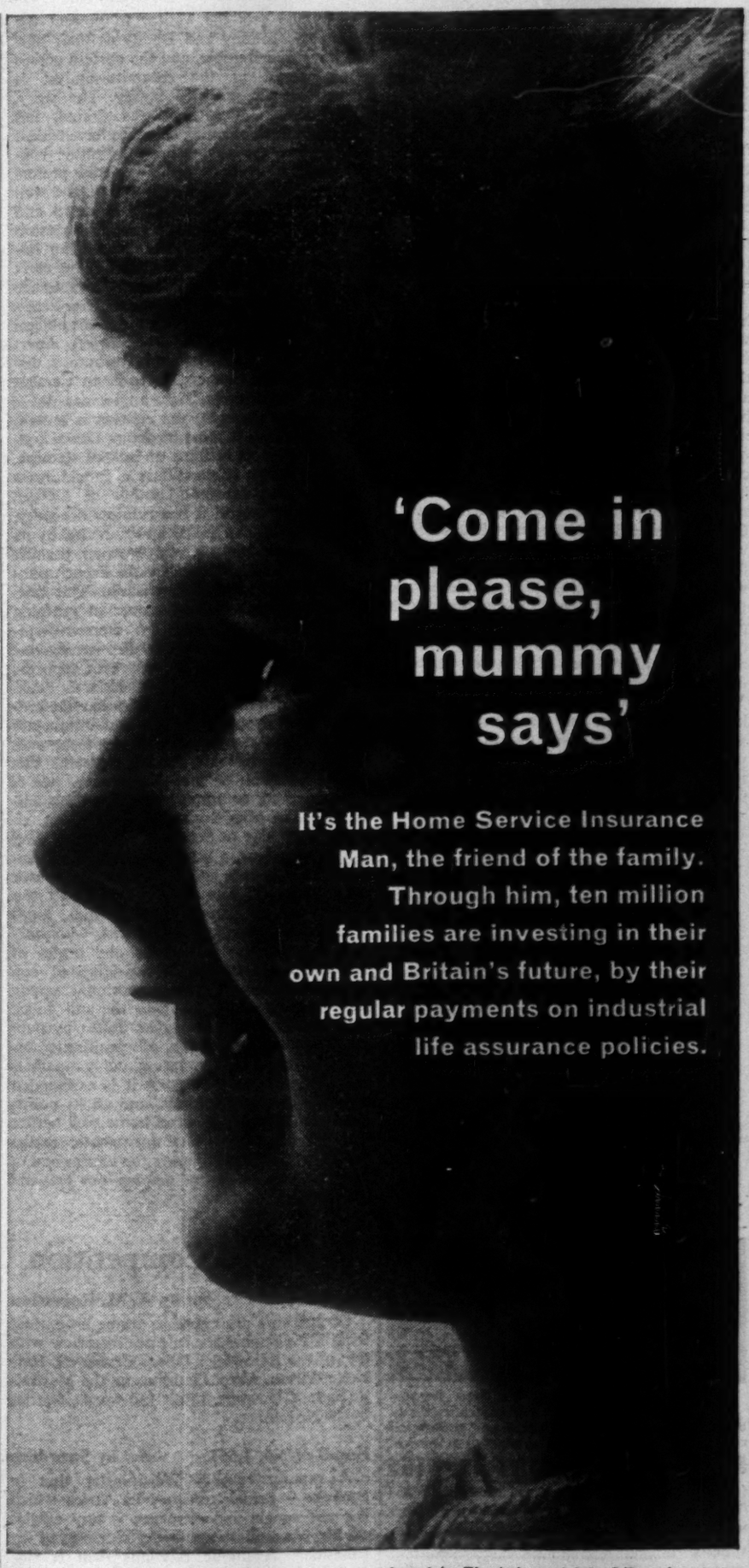
There are indications at the moment that we are getting a reaction against the reaction against clearly defined outlines, that in both abstract and figurative painting now there is a move away from a suggestive vagueness towards clarity of construction. In Peter Kinley's show at Gimpel's the most 'interesting' painting is probably the earliest, the *Reclining Figure* of 1958, in which a delicious flesh-pink mass dissolving at the edges is just about identifiable as a naked human body but is almost more evocative both of a hilly landscape and a breaking wave. But all the other work here makes a point of not trading on poetic suggestion, is directed towards establishing clear, unequivocal images, mostly of nudes in interiors, lucid both in reference and construction. Kinley is trying to find poetry – and in Nos 13 and 14 is finding it – not in ambiguity but, as Matisse did, in defining what is marvellous about such commonplaces as a girl standing naked in a room.

Albee et al.

ROGER GELLERT

Before discussing the new plays, I might mention the transfer to the Apollo Theatre of *A Whistle in the Dark*, the tough Irish play from Stratford, E. Whether West End audiences can take it remains to be seen; I have uneasy doubts, in spite of the fact that (to my regret) an up-beat twist has now been given to the ending, making it more consoling if less grimly probable. The general tenor is as strenuous and upsetting as ever, and the performances if anything stronger. Derren Nesbitt in particular has taken a complete grip on his part; weaving like a boxer, leading at groin-level with a minatory forefinger, he is now as terrifying as his Pa (Magee, a little broader, is still brilliant).

Last week's most eagerly awaited event was the Royal Court double bill of plays by Edward Albee, author of *Zoo Story*, that compelling eruption of violence on a quiet park bench. The success of the double-bill (*The Death of Bessie Smith* and *The American Dream*) in New York can be attributed to the traditional American love of self-chastisement, responding to the surface message of the plays: a tragic onslaught on racial segregation, a comic one on bourgeois family life. But there is more to them than this, and the frustration lies in its failure to emerge in any coherent form. *Bessie Smith* is an imaginative reconstruction of the facts surrounding the great jazz singer's death (gravely injured in a car crash in Tennessee, she died after being refused admittance to a whites-only hospital). Bessie herself is only sighted as a slumbering lump in a cheap hotel bed, being urged by her manager to rise and go to Memphis to make records and retrieve her slipping reputation; later, for a chilling moment, we are with her in the crash. But the action centres on a 'white' hospital, not the one that turns her away, but the one to which she is brought, dead. The nurse in charge (Gene Anderson) is an odious Southern gentlewoman with a neurotic contempt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for life in general and negroes in particular, though she accepts them as singers. We are shown her virulent relationships with her pathetic snob of a father, with the young liberal intern who loves her, and with the young negro orderly who aspires to whiteness.

There are unresolved sketches here for two full-length plays; the dialogue, in its cold, convoluted, almost Jamesian way, is superbly spiky; but no effective relation is shown, except in the most broadly ironic way, between the issues. There is fever but no drama. Richard Easton (Intern) and Neville Monroe (Orderly) are very good, but Gene Anderson made her hysteria a bit too blatant.

The American Dream is less jerky but hardly less unsatisfying. Beginning, Ionesco-wise, with the inane rattle of dead souls at a bourgeois fireside, it focuses eventually on the figure of Grandma, whom her daughter and son-in-law are apparently planning to have shifted to some suitable Home. Grandma, a fine forthright old eccentric, has plans of her own, though one becomes steadily less clear what these are. A Visitor arrives (alienist? victim? idiot social worker?), but instead of being told what is wrong with Grandma, is told by Grandma what is wrong with Mommy and Daddy. They are mad from unfulfilment, having years ago, it seems, with the Visitor's aid, adopted a little bundle (or 'bumble', according to Grandma) which proved a disappointment and a trial; after removing its eyes, tongue, hands and genitals, they found it had feet of clay and no head on its shoulders, whereupon it died. When the Visitor goes to fetch the others, there is a knock at the door, and the American dream appears. He is a soulless, golden, narcissistic youth who will do anything if the money is right; Grandma ('I could go for you if I was 90 years younger') is dazzled, then conceives a plan. She gets the Visitor to present the Dream to Mommy and Daddy as their new and improved Bumble, and the curtain comes hastily down as the catamite-catalyst is fondled by the gratified family. The story, oddly enough, does work as drama, but again too much meaning seems to have leaked out on the way, leaving only the rather routine conclusion that the bourgeois prefers dreams to reality. It is mostly funny, and well acted. Avril Elgar's Grandma is sharp and engaging, Mavis Villiers is a quacking caution as Mom, and Alexis Kanner makes an impressive zombie of the Dream. One can't quite repress, though, a twinge of impatience with these incessant *avant-garde* one-acters (by which I don't mean small, perfect objects like *The Lesson* or *The Dock Brief*). Apart from the fact that they mostly share a disquieting family likeness, there is an element of cheat about them. New angles are not a substitute for thought; the content is seldom so precious that it must be drunk like a liqueur; one suspects laziness or lack of stamina.

Bonne Soupe (Comedy) is a rancid brew from Felicien Marceau, author of *L'Oeuf*. Like its predecessor, it is a ruthless life-story, a set of flashbacks linked and narrated by its heroine Marie-Paule (Coral Browne), the sort of scarlet woman revered by the French public as a fount of worldly wisdom. This bed-by-bed commentary on a career of grasping opportunism, acted out by Herself-when-Young (an absurdly un-Coral-Browne *ingénue* called Erica Rogers), proceeds with soporific adroitness against a series of hideous backgrounds which shuttle to and fro like lantern-slides. Tiny drops of pathos and drama are squeezed into the stockpot towards the end, but not one likeable feature redeems this squalid equation of lust and money, nor is there anything to admire save the sleek animal grace of Miss Browne.

The new play at Stratford, E., is *The One Day of the Year*, a blistering analysis of Anzac Day humbug by the Australian author Alan Seymour. The conflict flares, all too conventionally, between a nice, dim, loud-mouthed Digger (Ron Haddrick), who only lives for the jingoistic pomp and orgies of the Day, and his university-educated son (Lewis Fiander), a two-dimensional young prig who is out to explode the old folks' glorification of a meaningless defeat by publishing some photographs of vomiting veterans. The subject is interesting and sympathies are kept well balanced; but it is expounded in crude journalistic terms, and all its points have been sledgehammered home well before the end of Act 1. The unemphatic realist Mother (Nita Pannell) stays the course best, a fine old Mrs K. figure dishing out tea and apathy.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,654 **Set by A. M. Robertson**

Competitors are asked to frame an extract from a Freeman *Face to Face* interview with any of the following: Oliver Cromwell, Harriette Wilson, Nero, Dr Johnson, the Marquis de Sade, Gladstone. Limit 150 words. Entries by 14 November.

Result of No. 1,651 **Set by Swordfish**

A rumour reaches Westminster that in Omboke – British territory in Africa which has not sought independence – tiny effigies of Mr Macmillan are being worshipped by tribesmen. A public relations firm is suspected of distributing these. Competitors are asked to write a Parliamentary question on the subject by Mr Emrys Hughes, Mrs Barbara Castle, Mr Michael Foot or Lord Lambton, with a reply by the Prime Minister himself.

Report

Supplementaries were allowed, and a blind eye was turned to the less outrageous departures from the usual form of Commons question-and-answer. But many competitors still failed to catch the spirit of the thing. Miles Burrows produced perhaps the most effective piece of macmillanery: 'I expect it was all got up by the jungle telegraph.' Inevitably, one is left with the feeling that if this had really happened Mr Macmillan would have come up with something much funnier than any entrants could manage. Two guineas each to Brian Lapping and Dessa for the best all-round jobs; a guinea to G. J. Blundell.

Mr Hughes: It is reported that effigies of the Prime Minister are being worshipped by tribesmen in Omboke. What does he intend to do about it?

PM: Freedom of worship is a basic democratic right which is jealously preserved by our administrations throughout the colonies. There is nothing I can do.

Mr Hughes: Should the Prime Minister become accepted as an Ombokese God, the prospect of that territory's seeking independence should be averted – at least so long as the Prime Minister remains in office. Perhaps he would advance this as a ground for his remaining in office for ever?

PM: There is no suggestion that *I* am being worshipped; the rumour speaks of small images which, so far as can yet be ascertained, may be far from a recognisable likeness.

Mr Hughes: To judge by the previous efforts of the suspected source of distribution, it seems probable that the likeness would be inexact.

BRIAN LAPPING

Lord Lambton: For how long has it been the policy of Her Majesty's Government to encourage idolatry within Her Majesty's dominions; and what legal authority exists for applying public funds to the propagation of personality cults?

PM: Under the terms of its accession to the European Convention on Human Rights the United Kingdom is obliged to safeguard freedom of religion in all its dependent territories. Unconfirmed reports from Omboke indicate that traditional religious observances have recently assumed a form which strengthens the bonds of loyalty linking the people with Her Majesty's Ministers. My honourable friend would surely not wish to disparage the value of such loyalty.

Imaginative gestures call for an imaginative response, and I therefore propose to set up a Working Party on the Projection of Images, under the chairmanship of the Leader of the House.

The second part of the question should be addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DESSA

Mr Michael Foot: Has the Prime Minister any information about the state of affairs in Omboke, where tribesmen are reported to be worshipping miniature effigies of himself? Will he, as a member of the Established Church, condemn this breach of the second commandment? Alternatively, will he assure us that this is not a form of devil-worship, promoted by private enterprise for its own nefarious ends?

PM: My information is that this is a quite spontaneous demonstration of good-will on the part of the tribesmen concerned. One deprecates, of course, one's being mistaken for a deity; but a little exaggeration may be pardoned in people who are doubtless intoxicated with joy at never having had it so good. Answering the last part of the honourable member's question, I am happy to say that I am not yet regarded by private enterprise as the very devil.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

A man who had shouted 'Police!' to the empty air until he was hoarse and belatedly found himself charged, clutched and hooted at by the entire force, could not feel very different from those of us who have been saying for years that fall-out is bad. You reel under the hypocrisy of those who have insisted that western strontium-90 is harmless and now discover that Communist strontium-90 is a menace to health. You wince when people say that test fall-out is an outrage and you know that they have no intention of abandoning the nuclear strategy which depends upon testing. On the other hand you have lots of worried people seeking practical advice – whether they should put their children on a diet, whether they should stay indoors during the strontium season next spring, and so on.

The present situation is that after a three-year moratorium, during which the fall-out was falling off faster than we had dared to hope, the Soviet Union has conducted an unprecedented series of tests in the atmosphere. They total well over a hundred megatons. This means that fall-out has increased sharply and may, in the case of iodine-131 in milk, approach an official 'danger level' for very small babies.

Can we find a rational path between hysteria on the one hand and complacency on the other? I think we can. The first thing to get clear is that there is nothing magical or absolute about the 'acceptable doses' laid down by the Medical Research Council and other bodies. They are not levels below which everyone is all right and above which everyone is going to suffer. One is entitled to say that the acceptable fall-out dose is zero. But the scientists and doctors who have to give public advice on this matter are obliged to try to get fall-out into perspective, in relation to the natural radiations to which we have always been subject, and try to compare the cancer-producing and mutational effects of fall-out radioactivity with the natural occurrences of cancer and congenital malformations. They have the thankless task of producing numerical estimates of the levels at which fall-out hazards become serious. They are guesses, but cautious ones.

The ignorance about fall-out is immense. We know very little about the effects of low doses of radiation. We do not know whether it is legitimate simply to assess the physical quantities of radiation in particular sites of the body or whether the fact that we are dealing with ingested radioisotopes which did not previously exist in nature introduces new factors. We are only now beginning to learn in detail what atomic radiation actually does to tissue. It is thought, but not established, that for the production of leukaemia and other cancers there may be 'thresholds' – in other words, that only when there is a certain accumulation of, say, strontium-90, is the damage done; and it is assumed that there is no threshold for genetic mutations. The Russians believe that low radiation doses produce demonstrable effects on the brain.

The estimates of the numbers of casualties produced by fall-out from tests are inevitably so highly uncertain that they are scarcely worth quoting. The people who let off the bombs certainly do not know. The numbers are probably large in terms of individuals but small compared with the population of the world. The tests have, in a sense, been an experiment from which we can draw tentative negative conclusions. We are all walking around with measurable quantities of fall-out in our bodies but we are not dying off like flies; and if we were going to die off like flies by delayed action in, say, 20 years time, there would probably be evidence of large numbers of casualties already.

Fall-out is murder by sweepstake – or Russian roulette – small children being especially vulnerable. The odds against any particular child being noticeably injured even by the new levels of fall-out appear to be large. There is no need for fears of personal injury, nor more than a mild anxiety for one's own children.

The scientific evidence, such as it is, should provoke anger rather than terror. Insofar as the effects of fall-out are known they are widespread and hideous. The individual child that suffers a cancer or a congenital malformation should never be forgotten among the statistics and the 'acceptable doses'. We should remember, too, that even though the levels of fall-out in Britain may be particularly high, we do have proper roofs over our heads, there is dried milk available and, as meat eaters, much of the fall-out is filtered out for us by the farm animals. The people of Asia are far worse off.

We are against ordinary murder because it is wrong, not because we are afraid of being murdered ourselves. So it should be with fall-out. The anxiety and fear which is sweeping the country and the world should be translated into rational political action.

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City Lights

TAURUS

Most people in the City will be disappointed if Bank rate proves not to have been cut this week. A second cut has been expected since the first was made four weeks ago, and now, with the Treasury bill rate down to 5½ per cent and Grandma no longer chiding the discount market, it seems imminent. To travel, however, is better than to arrive: sterling and gilt-edged stocks, which have both been rising in anticipation of a second cut, have fallen back a little now that it seems inevitable.

The main point of interest is the size of the second cut. It is plain that Grandma has now fallen out of love with high short-term rates and would like to bring Bank rate down to 4½-five per cent as soon as practicable. Her difficulty, as always when rates have been raised to a crisis level for the sake of proclaiming that the government takes the situation seriously, is to get them down without creating an impression that the government is no longer worried. She was courageous enough to begin cutting Bank rate (to the displeasure of the *Economist*) only two months after it had been raised to an emergency seven per cent, but she remained nervous enough to keep the first cut to an experimental ½ per cent.

The result was foreseeable. Trade unionists took no notice, but the financial community began at once to discount the second cut which must soon follow. Gilt-edged, already catching investors off the rebound from equities, became more popular than ever, and the inflow of hot money from abroad increased alarmingly. It increased, in fact, to the point where the government decided to repay at once £100m of its £535m loan from the International Monetary Fund – a decision which suggests that the Treasury expects to make more out of good-heartedness than out of hard-headedness in the immediate future.

The risk, of course, is that if Bank rate is reduced only from 6½ to six per cent, anticipation of a further cut will lead to another speculative boomlet in bonds and a fresh inflow of hot money. If Grandma is to lead events instead of following, her best course is to bring down Bank rate at once to a level at which another cut is not worth gambling on – 5½ per cent or even five per cent. The internal effect, provided the right noises are made, will be small. And if the gold reserve then begins to fall slowly instead of rapidly rising, it will rub in the urgency of higher exports.

* * *

Honesty, poor Selwyn, is not enough, even with Henry Brooke to hold its hand: the press, having discovered that you lack its own flair for public relations, is determined to make you stupid as well. Last Saturday, having made a speech to supporters in Leicester, Mr Lloyd was rash enough to invite questions and was asked why, if inflation had existed for the past decade, the government was only now taking vigorous action against it. Mr Lloyd, apparently supposing that he had been asked why he had introduced a supplementary Budget only three months after his first, admitted that he himself had been partly to blame for misreading the signs. This admission was blown up by the *Observer*, for some reason or other, into its main story of the week; and the story was filled out with a comment from its Economic Correspondent, which rubbed poor Selwyn's nose in his own admission by suggesting that no reasonable person would have made the same mistakes. The Treasury promptly exploded: this from a respectable paper, and on a Sunday too! Selwyn, everyone was rapidly informed, had been misreported, particularly in saying that he had regarded the rise in incomes as of no importance.

The correctness of the reporting could not be checked (it was the sort of occasion on which the questions and answers were genuinely unrehearsed), but *The Times* carried a report very similar to the *Observer's* on the Monday. What is interesting about the whole storm-in-a-teacup is that Selwyn and the Treasury should suddenly have become so worried about his public image. It is now admitted, even in the City, that if he fails to gain TUC support for his ideas about planning it will be mainly because of his lack of imagination in cutting surtax in April and introducing a wage-freeze out of the hat in July. It is all the more a pity that his emasculated capital gains tax was not mentioned in the Queen's speech.

* * *

The failure of the insurance companies to take a sufficient interest in long-term export finance burst into the newspapers recently over the case of a Sunderland shipbuilding firm which had lost a large tanker order for lack of credit facilities. The publicity produced its effect. Lazards found that its consortium of insurance companies were suddenly ready to put up more long-term finance. Hambros has now arranged for insurance companies to finance the building of a £4m, 80,000-ton tanker by the same Sunderland firm. Collie-dogs, within limits, can chivvy elephants.

Company News

The success of the *LCC* issue has been promptly followed by news of a £6m issue by *Bootle*, on much the same terms but appropriately dearer.

The fashion of investing in foreign stocks is spreading. A new investment trust, *Anglo-Nippon*, is soon to be made public which will invest in Japanese growth stocks.

Texaco, the US oil giant, is considering setting up a large new refinery in the UK to supply its subsidiary, *Regent*.

Crompton Parkinson, hit by the general recession in the electrical industry but beginning to recover from the price-cutting war in cables, has increased its profit before tax by 8.3 per cent to £3m.

Rolls-Royce has reported a half-year turnover up from £51m to £59m and expects this increase to be maintained over the year as a whole: but profits will not keep up with it.

Bids are coming back. *Fitch Lovell* is bidding for *W. D. Evans Golden Produce* (eggs and broiler chickens) which was enormously over-subscribed when it became public only six months ago. *Macowards*, a Cardiff store which has been bid for itself in the past, is bidding for *Thomas Wallis*, the Oxford Street drapers. *Clifford Motors*, in conjunction with *Associated Engineering*, is bidding for *Specialloid*. And Mr Hugh Fraser's *Scottish and Universal Investments* is bidding for *Braemar Knitting*.

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The Chess Board

No. 625 Rewards of Home Work

What kind of homework? Why, endings of course; and I do not apologise for repeating two truisms: the one that, whoever wishes to raise his prowess at the game must strive for proficiency in endings; and the other truism that one of the best methods and certainly the most enjoyable one for improving one's endgame technique is a regular and ample dose of endgame studies. Here's a case in point, published by Milu Milescu in *Europe Echecs*. First a very famous study composed by Henri Rinck in 1904. /1bK5/p7/KtP6/6p1/8/2k5/16/. And the solution: 1) b7,g4 (forced for if the Bishop moved White would win by Ktc7); 2) Ktb8:,g3; 3) Ktc6,g2; 4) Ktd4!! (b8=Q??), Kd4:; 5) b8=Q,g1=Q; 6) Qa7:† etc. Every good chess player should know that famous study, and one who certainly did was the Roumanian master Kondratiev when, White in a 1946 match game, he faced this position. /3Kt4/5pp1/3K4·4P3/7p/7k/16/. This is what happened. 1) Ktf7:,Kg4; 2) e6,h3; 3) Kte5†,Kg3; and now, out of the conscious or subconscious mind popped the memory of that study 1; White continued 4) Ktf3!!,Kf3:; 5) e7,h2; 6) e8=Q,h1=Q; 7) Qa8† etc.

Presently we'll see another famous Rinck study; but since it was first published in 1916 and the game-position that has something to do with it was played five years earlier, we had better first look at Kostic-Rubinstein, Karlsbad 1911: /1r6/7p/6p1/R2pk3/8/5PP1/2Kt2K1P/8/. This is what happened. 1) . . . Rb2; 2) Rc5, Kd6; 3) Rc8,Kd7; 4) Rc5,Kd6, and since, obviously White mustn't play Rc3 inviting . . . d4 and . . . d3 to follow the game was drawn by repetition. I wonder if the great Henri Rinck happened to know that game when he dealt with much the same idea somewhat more elaborately. 8/7p/1K1k1P2/5r1Kt/p2P1p2/5P2/P4P2/8/. And here's the solution. 1) Ktg7†,Rd5!; 2) f7, Ke7; 3) f8=Q†,Kf8:; 4) Kc6!, Ra5!; 5) Kb6!,a8; 6) Rb7,Rd8; 7) Kc7,Rd5 8) Kc6.

Now just to prove again (if proof were needed) the importance of superlative knowledge of endgame technique, here (Zuidema-Hort, 1961) is the position reached after the first adjournment of an important game in the recent World Youth Championship. /6k1/R5pl/6rp/4B3/8/5K2/7P/8/. White sealed Kf4 as his 41., and a very indifferent move it turned out to be. The game was adjourned again after the 60. move and it was only 31 moves later (and not without a certain bit of luck either) that White managed to win. It was then that the great Russian endgame expert, grandmaster Averbakh announced how White could have forced the win after the first adjournment 41) Bd4!! (along with the threat of h4) would have immobilised the Black R on the g-file; hence . . . Kh7; 42) Rb7, Kg8; 43) h4!!, forcing . . . Kh7 and thereby the exchange of Rooks by 44) Rb6!, whereupon the ending is a fairly simple win.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White's only feasible move would have been Ktde1; instead, he blundered by Kth4 and had to resign next move. Why? For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins and brilliant enough to make any newcomer an addict to the delights of endgame studies. Usual prizes. Entries by 13 November.

A: Galonska 1961

B: Leonid Kubbel, 1924: /3Kt1q2/4p3/pk2p3/1p6/1B3P2/8/1P6/1K6/.

C: Leonid Kubbel, 1924: /6Kt1/p2qp3/6B1/4P1p1/P1p1P1P1/2Pk4/3P4/4K3/.

REPORT on No. 622. Set 13 October

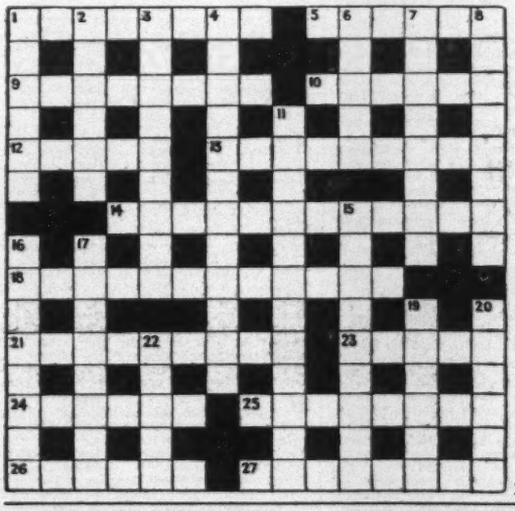
A: 1) . . . Rc1!; 2) Qe5†,Qe6; 3) Qb8‡!(Qh8:?),Ke7; 4) Qa7†, Qd7; 5) Qa5,Rhc8; etc.
B: 1) Kc8!,Kd6:; 2) Kd8 etc
C: 1) Qc1‡!,Kb8; 2) Qf4‡,Kc8; 3) Qd6! etc. If 2) . . . d6; 3) e7 But 1) Qc5‡?? merely draws.

This was tougher than it looked, even the cracks stumped by the subtleties of C and, particularly A; consolation prize for G. W. Richardson. A guinea held over to swell future prize funds.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 482

Prizes; Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 482, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 14 November.



ACROSS

1. 'This day is called the feast of ——' (*K. Henry V*) (8).
5. Fine finishing with a dog (6).
9. From a rich pal I discover something useful for fixing locks (8).
10. Flag to stop something? (6).
12. Man's name for a literary river? (5)
13. Valuable when the reliable are kept in step (9).
14. The newspapers are about glass holding colour in readiness (12).
18. Act aggressively in going to the house for entertainment (12).
21. The officer has to change in the vehicle returning north (9).
23. A woman without time to escape (5).
24. Next to the ball it may be batted (6).
25. It is unfortunate when the temptation comes back in a heap (8).
26. Place which puts us in the second gender (6).
27. Upset when a design is altered about nothing (8).

DOWN

1. Stick together with a man in the inside (6).
2. 'Hang like an —— on a Dutchman's beard' (*Twelfth Night*) (6).
3. Hack prose churned out by a drudge (9).
4. The playwright may discover she is a patron (12).
6. Burdens although the boys hold nothing (5).
7. God examines places for storage (8).
8. Eden is in the procession (8).
11. Reproving although possibly grand in prime (12).
15. Flower which makes Daniel nod (9).
16. Disciplines a man carrying a gun (8).
17. Vessels in danger of breaking up? (8).
19. I am a vehicle for the foot (6).
20. Seen to be taken prisoner (6).
22. The river is learning about me (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 480

M	O	L	E	S	T	I	N	G	■	T	O	P	I	C
A	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	A
T	R	I	P	O	L	I	■	S	P	O	N	S	O	R
E	■	T	■	C	■	S	■	O	■	T	■	S	■	P
S	P	E	A	K	■	H	A	M	P	S	H	I	R	E
■	■	R	■	P	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	N	■	N
C	O	S	M	O	N	A	U	T	■	I	N	G	O	T
H	■	■	R	■	M	■	E	■	D	■	■	R	■	■
A	L	L	O	T	■	P	A	R	S	I	M	O	N	Y
L	■	A	■	E	■	■	O	■	L	■	■	■	■	■
L	A	N	D	G	I	R	L	S	■	M	A	Y	O	R
E	Y	R	■	S	■	T	■	A	M	■	A	■	■	■
N	I	A	G	A	R	A	■	O	C	T	O	P	U	S
G	■	R	■	C	■	N	■	R	■	I	■	I	■	P
E	N	D	U	E	■	D	E	M	O	C	R	A	T	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 480

Lord Conesford QC (Oxon)
F. P. E. Green (Geneva)
A. M. Jones (Sutton)

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

NOVEMBER 'Labour Monthly'. Blackpool & Berlin: Robert Willis; The Shape of the Future: Stefan Heym; No Paws on Transport! A. H. Kitson; Blackpool – Brighton – Moscow: R. Palme Dutt; Common Market? Take Agriculture . . : Arthur Jordan. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly Dept N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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Applications are invited for a post of LECTURER in EDUCATION in the Department of Education to begin duties on 1 January 1962 or as soon as possible thereafter. Candidates should have qualifications and special interest in the teaching of CLASSICS. Teaching experience is essential. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £1,050 x 50-1,400 x 75-1,850, with FSSU provisions and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 18 Nov. 1961.

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Applications are invited for a post of RESEARCH ASSISTANT in STATISTICS to begin duties as soon as possible. Initial salary in the range £650-£750, according to qualifications and experience. FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 18 Nov. 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Applications are invited for a Senior Research Assistant and a Research Assistant for the University research project on the prescribing of drugs by doctors and the distribution of products by drug houses. Preference will be given to candidates qualified in medicine, psychology or sociology. The appointment will be for two years, and the initial salary will be £1,200 per annum for the senior post and £750 per annum for the other.

Applications quoting Reference CV/NS, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 25 November 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE
GIRLS' REMAND HOME, HASSOCKS

SUPERINTENDENT required for a Remand Home for 18 girls, at Hassocks near Haywards Heath. Salary, on a scale of 5 increments within the range of £930-£1,350, to be fixed in accordance with qualifications and experience. Applications invited from women or a married couple, without children, with wife acting as Matron. DEPUTY also required. Experienced and educated woman interested in adolescent girls. Salary on a scale of 5 increments within the range of £715-£1,135.

Appointments superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms (s.a.e.) and particulars from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within ten days of this advertisement.

BURGESS Hill School, High Cannons, Well End, nr Barnet. Housemother wtd at once for Burgess Hill Schl. ELStree 5560.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HERTFORDSHIRE CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE

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Applications stating age, qualifications & experience & naming 2 referees to Medical Director (NS), Hill End Clinic, Orchard Gates, St Albans, Herts.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHERS (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments.

Write: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
GRAYS CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST required December 1961 to work partly as member of clinic team and partly on independent work in Schools Psychological Service. Salary: Soulbury Grade II, at present £1,290 x £32 10s.-£1,560 per annum.

Particulars and form from Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford.

POWICK HOSPITAL,
NEAR WORCESTER

SOCIAL WORKER required. This post suitable for some one wishing to gain wider experience of various aspects of the mental health service. Hospital Social Work Staff consists of one PSW, three social workers and two trainees. There are two Out-Patient Social Therapy Clubs and seven Out-Patient Clinics. Opportunities exist for the development of individual interests. Applications to Medical Superintendent.

ESSEX
CLACTON YOUTH AND DAY RELEASE CENTRE

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Candidates should possess a degree, teacher's certificate, or a certificate or diploma in Social Science or Youth Leadership and have had experience in teaching and/or youth work.

Salary (subject to review) within scale: £520 x £27 10s (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a. plus additions for approved training and graduate qualifications. The commencing salary would include increments for recognised teaching service, war/national service, and previous approved experience.

Assistance towards removal expenses will be considered.

Details and application forms from the Divisional Education Officer, Park Road, Colchester.

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ITALY - posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

FRIENDS' School, Saffron Walden. An Assistant to the Domestic Bursar is required in January 1962 for this co-educational boarding school. Good conditions and holidays. Commencing salary £300/£350 according to qualifications and experience, plus free board and residence during term time. IMA training preferred. Applications should be sent to the Headmaster's Secretary, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SECRETARY required by Harley Street dermatologist. Good education and references essential. Apply fully to Box 6703

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Production Assistant for 'Tonight' to contribute generally to programme formulation and content; help producers in programme preparation and administration; in research, selection and direction of film stories and presentation of studio items. This requires developed visual imagination, wide range of interests and ability to translate programme ideas into practical television. Essential qualifications include ability to work at sustained speed on location and in studios, and upon preparation of commentaries and other written matter; positive interest in current affairs; experience in handling scripts or films; ability to work constructively as member of a highly professional team. Experience of journalism and working for a magazine programme, preferably in television, would be advantages. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.498 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Senior Research Assistant in Projects and Developments Section of Audience Research Department. Duties include design and supervision of special enquiries with analysis and tabulation of results; preparation of tests and questionnaires, and administration of these to experimental groups; writing of reports. An Honours degree, preferably in Psychology, followed by at least two years' practical experience of social enquiries, market research or similar work essential, and knowledge of statistical methods desirable. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.499 N. Stm) should be sent to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1.

BBC requires Producer/Language Supervisor, African Service in London (British subject). Duties include writing, adaptation and production of talks and feature programmes, language supervision and co-ordination of duties of Hausa staff engaged on translation and broadcasting. Recent experience in at least one of the West African Territories, high standard of Hausa and keen interest in and knowledge of Africa and international affairs essential. Journalistic and broadcasting experience an advantage. Candidates having passed Lower Standard Hausa only may be required to take oral and written test. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.496 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureships in Economics. Applications are invited for two positions of Lecturer in Economics. It is desirable, but not essential, that one appointee be qualified in labour economics or industrial relations. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105-£2,435 per annum plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A49 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 8 December 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should possess postgraduate qualifications and have research interests in experimental or social psychology. The salary scale for the position is £1,250 per annum rising to £1,700 per annum by annual increments of £75. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. The person appointed will be expected to take up his duties on 1 February 1962 or upon such other date as may be arranged with the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close New Zealand and London on 27 Nov. 1961.

BRITISH Technical Assistance. Department of Technical Co-operation invites applications for the post of Lecturer in Accountancy in Colombo, Ceylon. Duration 2 years. The lecturer is required by the recently established Institute of Chartered Accountants to organise tutorial classes and lecture in accountancy to articled clerks in training for membership of the Institute. Salary: £2,250 p.a. (subject to British income tax) plus Tax Free Allowance of £1,300 p.a. (married) or £835 p.a. (single). Other generous allowances. All emoluments paid by British Government. Superannuation position can be safeguarded. For further information and application form, write to Department of Technical Co-operation, 26 King St. Ldn, SW1, quoting CEY/45/TCS.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Khartoum. Applications are invited for Readership, or Senior Lectureship in Archaeology. Salary Scale: Reader – £S.2,175 per annum. Senior Lecturer – £S.2,052-£S.2,127 per annum. Generous allowances payable. Passages for appointee and family on appointment, termination and annual leave. There is a superannuation scheme, and arrangements can be made to maintain FSSU policies. Direct appointment on contract normally for 5 years with possibility of renewal; (secondment welcomed if possible). Unfurnished accommodation provided at rent (excluding rates) up to 7½% of salary. Applications (10 copies) detailing qualifications and experience and naming 3 referees by 30 November 1961 to Registrar, University of Khartoum, c/o Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Senior Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have qualifications in Educational Administration. The successful applicant will be concerned almost entirely with the organisation, administration and teaching of courses in Educational Administration and will be expected to undertake research in this field. The commencing salary will be within the range of £A2,550 x 95-£A3,000, plus a cost of living allowance, at present amounting to £A49 p.a. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 8 December 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have an honours degree in psychology. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Approved fares to Christchurch will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and children. In addition actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 15 December 1961.

THE University of Manchester, Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Holly Royde College with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Applicants should hold a good Honours degree in one of the following subjects: Literature, Philosophy or Sociology. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer £1,050 to £1,850; Assistant Lecturer £800 to £950. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Duties to commence on 1 January 1962 or as soon as possible thereafter. Applications should be sent not later than Mon. 20 November 1961 to Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of appln may be obtained.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Lecturer in Psychology from July 1962. The salary scale is R2,340 x 120 – R3,300 per annum. A vacation savings bonus, as in the Public Service, is also payable. Qualifications and previous experience may be taken into account in determining the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 15 November 1961.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker with PTA quals read at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre within easy travelling distance of London. Small unit in an expanding area with good opportunities for wide exper. in case work, both short & long term. Close liaison with school medical, psychological & educational services & with social agencies. There are full-time classes for maladjusted children & 3 remedial classes. Further extension planned in near future. Staff consists of a consultant psychiatrist, 2 educational psychologists, 2 psychotherapists, 2 psychiatric social workers. Intensive treatment is undertaken. Applicants who wish to visit the Centre should telephone Uxbridge 8290. Salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Divisional Education Officer, Local County Offices, High Street, Uxbridge, returnable by 17 November. (Quote H.754 NS).

CLERK/Typist. An interesting position is available to an intelligent woman to work part-time or full-time on a five day week basis as a clerk/typist and assistant to the Manager of the Organisation and Methods Department in a light engineering firm in the Willesden area. The starting salary for full-time work would be in the region of £500 per annum and be subject to annual review. Please apply to Box 6642.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at the Edmonton & Enfield Child Guidance Centre, 'Garvary', Dryden Rd, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx. One of three Psychiatric Social Workers. Should hold a Mental Health Certificate. Prescribed conditions. PTA quals & salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, Brettenham Rd, Edmonton, N18, returnable by 30 Nov. (Quote H.758 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Part-time Psychotherapist for 5 sessions p. wk. reqd at the Edmonton & Enfield Child Guidance Centre, 'Garvary', Dryden Rd, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate training &/or equivalent experience in child therapy. Fee: 55s. 6d. p. session. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 30 November. (Quote H.744 NS).

ROYAL County of Berkshire. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from men or women for the new appointment of Homes Supervisor. Salary APT III (£960-£1,140) per annum. Generous County Car Scheme. Preference will be given to persons holding the Home Office Certificate in Residential Child Care or equivalent qualification. Considerable development is happening in the County at this moment, and the post offers great scope for initiative. Further partics and application forms from Children's Officer, 35 Bath Road, Reading.

SENIOR Child Care Officer (man or woman) with suitable qualifications and experience required to undertake statutory reviews, case work consultation and possibly student supervision, in addition to a small case load. Appointment within appropriate APT scale in accordance with experience and qualifications. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Headquarters London. Apply in writing, stating age, education, qualifications and experience, enclosing copy testimonials and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, London, WC1, within 14 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified Social Caseworkers for a new full- or part-time non-resident post at The Save The Children Fund Residential School for emotionally maladjusted children, at Harmeny, Balerno (near Edinburgh). Salary according to professional qualifications and experience. Further particulars from Miss Helen M. Lowe, CA, 41 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, with whom applns, accompanied by names of 3 referees, should be lodged.

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. (Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients). Wholetime Clinical Psychologist: Considerable scope for research. Close association with the University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. House or quarters available. NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable. Salary Scales: £625-£730 (Probationary) plus £65; £790-£1,100 (post probationary) allowance. Candidates may visit Hospital by appointment. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees to Medical Superintendent not later than 20 November 1961.

WELFARE Officer required for modern Old People's Home with 233 beds. This full-time appointment is a worthwhile job and one of absorbing human interest. The work consists of dealing with applications for admission, the problems of residents and their families, liaison with Local Authorities, Hospitals and similar institutions. We are seeking a good administrator with a social science background and previous case-work experience among the aged. This is a well paid, permanent appointment, with clerical assistance and meals provided. Residence could be arranged. Selection starts immediately and applications, giving full details, should be forwarded to the Secretary, Home for Aged Jews, 105 Nightingale Lane, SW12.

SOCIOLOGIST or Social Psychologist for post in research attached to Littlemore Psychiatric Hospital to co-ordinate and organise research in community psychiatry. Further particulars from Physician Superintendent, Littlemore Hospital, Littlemore Oxford. Salary range £1,000 to £1,500 depending on experience and qualifications.

INVALID Children's Aid Association invite applications from suitably qualified women for the post of Principal at a new experimental School to be opened at Banstead, Surrey, in April 1962, for severely maladjusted children unable to speak. The School is connected with research being undertaken at Belmont Hospital. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Application form and further details from the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8

HOUSEFATHERS and Mothers required. Not married couples. Young adult Spastic centre. Active social life. Salary £475 by Annual Increments to £600. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon. Addiscombe 2310.

RECEPTIONIST to Optician in NW London. Permanent position, progressive salary. Five-day week, no Thursdays. With previous experience preferred. Box 6482.

BRAIN-Waves. There is a vacancy for a girl (aged 18-25) to train as an electroencephalographic (EEG) recordist in a world famous neurological hospital. Salary will be paid during training and, if satisfactory, the candidate will be given a permanent appointment after one year. The work is interesting and can be rewarding; it brings the recordist into contact with patients and with students from many lands. The working conditions are excellent and the salary is according to the Whitley Council Scales. Candidates should be of good personality, able to deal with people and should have matriculation or equivalent, preferably with a science bias. Nursing or other medical auxiliary experience might offset some slight failure to reach the required educational standard. Apply at once in writing to the Secretary to the Board of Governors, The National Hospital, Queen Square, WC1.

ST DUNSTAN'S Convalescent and Holiday Home for blinded ex-service men at Ovingdean, Brighton, has vacancies for resident female staff (age 25/40). Varied and interesting duties. Further information on application to Matron, St Dunstan's Ovingdean, Brighton.

AN INDEPENDENT Special School for maladjusted children, fully recognised by the Ministry of Education, requires a Matron. Resident post. Good salary and free time. Personality and experience more important than qualifications. Large Staff; 40 children – boys and girls. Please apply to: The Principals, The Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Witney, Oxon.

ASSISTANT Mistress wanted, as from January 1962, to be responsible for the arrangement of physical activities (tennis, riding, etc.) and willing to co-operate in special methods of teaching English to foreign students. Residence optional in Mistresses' House. Burnham Scale and 13/14 weeks' holiday annually. The post offers special opportunities in beautiful surroundings to a young and enterprising teacher of cheerful and friendly temperament who has a genuine sympathy with young people of many different nationalities. Applicants must be English. Apply stating qualifications, (graduates preferred), to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

RESIDENT Housemistress, to do also some teaching, required from January 1962. Burnham Scale and Ministry of Education Pension. 13 weeks' annual holiday. Candidates should possess a degree either in History or Modern Languages, English, Geography or Social Sciences. The position offers special opportunities to those interested in teaching English to foreigners. Apply, stating qualifications, to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

RESIDENT Matron required, as from September 1962, to co-operate with resident Housemistress and Headmistress in the care of 96 foreign students. Salary starting at £500 rising to £700 per annum plus full board-residence. Seven weeks' holiday annually. Apply, with two references, to the Headmistress, LTC Ladies' College of English, Compton Park, Eastbourne.

A CHALLENGE – Vacancy for experienced man as Youth Leader of North London mixed Club. Good flat available. Salary in accordance with National Scale. Apply for application form to Box 6501.

NAT. Council of Social Service invites applications for appt as Travelling Officer for the Nat. Fed. of Community Assocs in the Sth of England, & based on Bristol. Comm. sal. £700/750 p.a. S.a.e. marked 'CA.1' to 26 Bedford Sq., London, WC1 for further particulars and application form. Closing date 13 November 1961.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted in January experienced young Secretary (woman). Salary £400 with residence. Seven weeks holiday annually. Good experience for someone interested in child welfare and in the communal life of a children's Community. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott, Mersham, Ashford, Kent.

NIGHT Nurse required for duties with elderly (not sick) lady from 15 December for a minimum of one month. Hours of duty 8 p.m. to 7.30 a.m. but sleeping facilities are available. The position requires companionship and assistance rather than nursing. Continental family living in pleasant home in Wimbledon Parkside area with every comfort and amenity. An above average salary will be paid to the right person who must supply excellent references. WIM. 0978.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT. Co-operative Union Ltd. Education Department. Applications are invited for appointment as Sectional Education Officer in the Midland Section with office in Birmingham. The officer will be responsible for development of Co-operative education, including member and technical education and the Co-operative Youth Movement. Salary in a scale £850-£1,050; commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further details from Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd. Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be sent by 14 November 1961.

RELIABLE male student required. One long week-end monthly. Help generally. Interest children essential. Drive car. Expenses. Box 6674.

A NUMBER of vacancies exist in the Market Research Department of a leading London advertising agency for Assistant Research Executive trainees. The work of the department consists mainly of planning and organising sample surveys of the general public, and of interpreting the results of these surveys to management and other departments in the agency. Selected candidates will in the first instance assist Research Executives by whom they will be trained in the techniques of market research. It is expected that Assistant Executives will eventually assume full executive responsibility for market research on a group of the agency's accounts. Applicants should possess a first or second class Hons degree in one of the arts, social sciences, or mathematics. Starting salary will be between £650 and £750 p.a., depending upon qualifications. Application forms can be obtained from the Staff Manager, Box 6539.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Librarian to the Labour Party. Duties include selection and organisation of Library of books, pamphlets, photographs and periodicals (Congress classification); running of extensive press-cuttings collection; supervision of staff of six; and reference work. Applicants should be Associates of Library Association, or have equivalent qualifications, and be familiar with reference or special library methods. Labour Party membership is condition of service. Salary £800-£980, 5-day week, superannuation scheme. Application forms from Administrative Officer, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to whom they should be returned not later than Monday, 13 November.

ESSEX, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, a Co-educational Boarding School under the Management of a Committee of the Society of Friends. Required in January a Mistress to teach Violin and Viola throughout the School. The work will include instrumental classes for the First Form, responsibility for Junior Orchestra for a suitable candidate. The post is resident or non-resident. Salary slightly above Burnham. Applications, with the names of two referees, should be sent as soon as possible, to the Headmaster.

SMALL country Home in interesting active village near London requires Assistant House Mother. 9 deprived children school age. Good salary, pleasant accommodation. Write Mrs Jenkins, Twitchells End, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks

PSYCHOLOGIST, Ph.D. level, with some commercial experience in marketing, to be research director of company specialising in market surveys. Salary depending on experience and qualifications. Write Box 6627.

ARCHITECT required for the Architects' Journal Editorial Staff. Must be intensely interested in building costs and techniques and preparation of technical information. Please write giving details of experience, age and salary required to the Editor, Architects' Journal, 9-13 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1.

YOUNG editorial/production assistant urgently required for very busy publishers of scientific and medical books. Some experience of proof-reading and preparation of illustration copy for engraver essential. Salary £750 p.a., luncheon vouchers, non-contributory pension scheme. Box 6590.

EDUCATIONAL publishers, Holborn area, require intelligent woman to help in promoting sales of books to the Commonwealth. Must be able to type, to write good original letters and to undertake a share of routine office work. Some teaching experience an advantage. Please write, stating salary reqd, to the Export Manager, Ginn & Co. Ltd, 18 Bedford Row, London, WC1.

PART-time Editorial Assistant required by John Barnes, Finchley Road, NW3 (a branch of The John Lewis Partnership) for weekly house journal. Applicants must be competent typists and have some literary ability. Hours by arrangement but preferably Wednesday to Friday inclusive. Rate of pay not less than £6 per week. All workers are partners and share all profits, with good holidays, sick pay, shopping discount, subsidised meals and non-contributory pension scheme. Apply Staff Assistant, John Barnes.

MARRIED woman and mother, about 35, competent typist, to answer readers' health queries, national woman's magazine. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. Write Box 6603.

CARDIFF Solicitors require experienced admitted or unadmitted Common Law assistant capable of handling substantial volume of industrial accident work and costing. Commencing salary up to £1,500 per annum. Excellent opportunity for advancement. Assistance with housing and car if required. Box 6370.

INSTRUCTOR in English (part-time) required by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience a recommendation but not essential. Write fully (in confidence), giving details of age, experience and qualifications, to Box 6669.

DAY Nurse required for minimum of one month from 15 December for elderly (not sick) lady. The position requires companionship more than nursing in a home where every amenity is provided and household staff are kept. An excellent salary will be paid. Ring WIM. 0978.

Quakers and the quest for a living faith

QUAKERISM has always been an experimental religion; a quest for truth, and for a faith that is valid for living *in* the world. Religion, Quakers believe, starts with a response to the divine—including the divine within all men—as a result of which each man finds his own understanding of Christianity without needing to make a formal statement.

Because truth is a constantly unfolding revelation Quakers have always attached great importance to man's search for knowledge, and to education in its widest sense (many Quakers, for example, have been scientists, from Lister and Eddington onwards).

Every Quaker Meeting is an experiment. Its worship is based on silence—not a passive silence, but a 'waiting' on God, an endeavour to reach some small measure of unity with the divine. In the silence anyone may speak, man or woman, member or non-member. There is no priest, no pre-arranged service. Each of those present takes an active part in the meeting, whether he speaks or remains silent.

From the belief in something of the divine within all men, and from this sense of personal responsibility in worship, springs the better known Quaker emphasis on relief work, international reconciliation, commercial integrity and social justice.

If you feel in sympathy with this approach to religion you may like to know more. We will gladly send literature, and if you wish it, put you in touch with your nearest Quaker Meeting.

The Friends Home Service Committee

THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

Room C, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY, experienced and fully qualified, required by Circulation Manager of this journal. Write Manager, 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

AIR Ministry: Translator from Russian. Post in Meteorological Office, Bracknell, Berks, for man or woman at least 20 on 1.11.61. Qualifications: normally degree in Russian; mathematics and physics to GCE 'A' level standard; knowledge of meteorology an asset. Prospects of permanency. Starting salary (national) from £551 (at 20) to £764 (at 25 or over). Scale maximum £1,154. Housing at Bracknell can be arranged in due course. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form quoting 5405/61. Closing date 22 November 1961.

SECRETARY required to assist Project Secretary responsible for co-ordinating planning and development of new hospital. This is a new post and duties will be varied and interesting and include shorthand/typing. Successful applicant will work at the Board's headquarters which have modern offices and staff restaurant. Salary scale £640-£815. Superannuable, 5-day week. Apply stating age, speeds and experience, with names of two referees to Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 40 Eastbourne Terrace, W2, by 10 November, quoting reference 995.

PUBLICITY Assistant required by National Union of Teachers' Publicity Department. Ability to write well and handle publications essential; some research experience an advantage. Appointment for two years in the first instance; salary up to £1,000 per annum, depending on qualifications and experience. Apply to General Secretary, NUT, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, WC1, not later than 17 November.

SECRETARIAL Assistant required to help with work of Old People's Welfare in East London. Secretarial training and experience essential. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience to Secretary, Stepney Old People's Welfare Assocn, St Katharine's Foundation, Butcher Row, E14.

TV Film Company urgently needs efficient and willing Secretary in busy West End office. Must be adaptable and able to take responsibilities. Knowledge of German useful. Write immediately: Box 6594.

PART-time secretary required. Able to run section of office handling scientific and technical translations. English typing essential; Russian typing desirable. Hours by arrangement. Write for appointment: Commercial Services for Science Ltd, 5 Great James Street, London, WC1.

SECRETARY with good education required for Secretary of Institute. Minimum speeds 120-50. Commencing salary £520-£650, according to age and experience, rising to £815. Apply Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, W1.

SHORTHAND-Typist for service with Parliamentary Group of large trade union. Salary at 21 years of age £11 8s. rising to £11 18s. per week after six months approved service. Five day (35 hour) week; contributory superannuation scheme; good holidays. Telephone Administrative Officer, VICtoria 7671 for interview.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

PART-time experienced copy typist, also copy typist with knowledge of shorthand for Hampstead Clinic. Five-day week and generous paid holiday. Ring SWI. 2313.

SIT down and protest, or get up and get a job from Winifred Johnson, Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

'Care to see some holy pictures?'

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PORTMAN Bureau invites secretaries aged 18-40 seeking really well-paid posts to call at 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary, 25, good French, seeks interesting and responsible post, preferably arts or professions, experience editorial, political, interviewing social services. Please write Box 6689.

EDUCATED lady, univ. backgr'nd, fluent French, Russian, Dutch, fair knowledge German, sks part-time position. Box 6688.

PERSONABLE stenographer (retirement pensioner) sks intg part-time change. RSA 120/50. Recommended. Box 6602.

YOUNG woman MA, excellent French, sks post publishers/booksellers. Box 6583

USEFUL work (not commercial/sedentary) sought by experienced able young woman London. Suggestions welc. Box 6597.

SE Essex. Humanist sks full-time administrative post in any progressive, humanitarian organisation. Willing establish local centre on own premises. Car, tel. Wife equally dedicated to serve. Box 6601.

JOURNALIST, skilled writer & sub-editor, expd magazines & newspapers, sks pt-time work, commissions, &c. Box 6612.

INTELLIGENT girl (26), free end Dec., reqs interesting job abroad. Some knowledge French, typing. Box 6635.

INTERESTING employment sought by mature lady with youthful personality, widely exp theatre/music/business. Special flair dealing w. people any age. Box 6394.

COMPETENT sh./typist, P/A, older woman, sks change dist. Sm. office, with some scope. Expd probation work. Box 6709

FRENCH girl wants 'au pair' job with family in London. AMB. 4783.

FELLOWSHIPS & GRANTS

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
BALLIOL COLLEGE
FELLOWSHIP IN MODERN HISTORY

The college proposes to elect, as from 29 September 1962, an Official Fellow and Tutor in Modern History, and invites applications, to be received not later than 9 December 1961.

Applicants should be prepared mainly to teach British and European history from the late 17th to the early 19th century for the Preliminary and Final Examinations of the Honour School of Modern History.

The choice of the college will not necessarily be confined to those who apply.

Applications should be sent to the College Secretary, Balliol College, from whom further details may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

Applications are invited for the Cilcennin Memorial Fellowship in Drama, tenable for two years from 1 August 1962. The Fellowship is open to graduates and carries the value of £800 per annum. The Fellow will be a full-time member of the Department of Drama and will be expected, as his main duty, to complete one full-length play for public production. Detailed particulars governing the Fellowship may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Bristol 8, to whom applications should be sent by 1 January 1962.

LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS
Fellowships & Grants 1962

Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants in aid of research. These awards are intended for senior workers of established position and are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom; in exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence. No subject of enquiry is excluded from consideration but preference is given to subjects in which existing provision for research is inadequate.

The duration of the awards does not extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount depends on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant.

Application must be made on Form 'F' obtainable together with further details from the Secretary, Leverhulme Research Awards, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4.

The closing date is 31 December 1961. Results will be announced in May and the awards will normally date from 1 September 1962.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

SKI in Andorra. Latest, least-known of ski-ing centres. Our departures are by rail from London, fortnightly, 23 Dec. until Easter. From £39 incl. Spanish Holiday Agency, 39 Albemarle St, London, W1.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Treat yourself to a Christmas Holiday which will provide the Winter break you need:

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR SKIING with powder snow and seasonal festivities
CHRISTMAS PARTIES IN BRITAIN
SUNSHINE CRUISES AND WINTER HOLIDAYS in warm climates
CHRISTMAS PARTIES in Tangier, Cannes & Florence.

ERNA LOW
47 (ns) Old Brompton Road, SW7.
Tel: KEN. 8881 (day & night) & 0911.

CHRISTMAS House Parties by air to the Costa Brava and Majorca with accommodation in luxury hotels, including Hostal de la Gavina at S'Agaro, Hotel Formentor, Majorca, and Hotel Son Vida in Palma. Depart 22 Dec., returning 26 Dec. Excursions included in very low charges from 39 guineas. Write for Christmas and New Year brochure for details of these and other holidays to Greece, Egypt, Tunisia, etc. Wings Limited, 48 Park Road, Baker Street, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001 or agents.

YOU are holiday-wise – if you go HF. For your School or Youth party next year take your pick – a short trip across the Channel to France – or a more adventurous visit to Russia – See the grandeur of Switzerland's mighty peaks – or the warmth and colour of Italy, and its art and culture – or a Cruising Holiday can take you to Greece or Madeira. Palma or Tenerife. If it is Holidays at Home, then HF Youth Camps and Youth Guest Houses provide especially for parties of Young People. There is also an HF Youth Guest House in the Wye Valley, with certain weeks reserved exclusively for individual bookings from the younger age group. Write or phone Now for free booklets 'Holidays Abroad for Parties of Young People 1962' or 'Holidays for Parties of Young People 1962'. The Holiday Fellowship, Dept 24, 142 Great North Way, London, NW4. Telephone: SUNnyhill 3381 (six lines).

SAVE £100. Christmas excursion fast flights to South Africa, by 4-engined, pressurised DC6B aircraft, only £135 return. Leaving 4, 11, 21 Dec.; returning 8, 19, 28 Jan. Few seats left. Tel. SPEedwell 2962.

WRITE for details of our holidays for School and Youth parties in Scandinavia. Vacancies for summer holiday period. Nordic Travel Service, 30 Tynedale Ave, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays' Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN 3101

INDIA, Ceylon Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD (Arkwright Rd). Very large furn. single rm. Ckg facs. 4 gns p.w. References reqd. SW1. 6525. Box 6586.

SMALL bed-sitter suitable girl student, £3 including heating, lighting, use k. and b. Swiss Cottage. Box 6606.

2 large bed-sits, share own kitchen, suit 2 friends. Pleasant part NW10. £2 15s. each. Box 6591.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny furn. 2-rmd flat; own w.c. Excep. view. TUD. 8160.

LGE 1-rm flat part-furn; elegant hse, NW2, all facs. GLA. 9088 after 6.

S/C. 2-room basement flat Chelsea, SW10. Kit. with bath, new multipoint, outside lav., garden, to let cheaply for one year, decorating needs to be completed. £4 10s. p.w. Box 6630.

YOUNG Englishman offd bed & breakfast in luxury flat. 4 gns. SW7. Box 6664.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Avenue, NW3

ATTIC for 2 girls, and square room suit professional, Hampstead. Box 6702.

BED-sit. Elegant London hse, c.h.w., c.h., bkfst, serv. 7 gns. PRI. 1970.

ADVERTISER seeks mature person to share too large house and garden. Central heating. WIM. 5024 after 5.30.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms, £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FURN. flatlet nr Primrose Hill. Lge attic rm & sep. kit'ette. Shared bathrm. Newly dec. 3 gns p.w. excl. Box 6706.

NW3. Unfurnished flat: 3 large rooms plus kitchen/diner, bathroom & 2 small store-rooms. Suit dependable couple with child. 8 gns p. wk. SWI. 5080 evgs.

DULWICH: quiet furnished room and kitchen. £2 weekly. Box 6704.

W1. Top-floor furn. flat, 5 mins BBC, one person only, one bedroom, one reception room, kitchen, bathroom. 6½ gns p.w. Handfords, BEL. 3641.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

LARGE, furnished, but uncluttered 1st floor and attic in musician's house nr Highgate. Suit couple with school age child. Very mod. rent. MOU. 2625 or FIT. 3193.

W2. 2 mins Tube. Newly dec. bed/sit., linen, light, htg, h.w., no ckg. 3 gns. Adler. PAR. 7270 or TEM. 2468, ext. 534.

COMFORTABLE cottage; secluded woods near Sevenoaks. Mains water, Aladdins, Elsan. To let Nov.-March. Sleeps 5. 4 gns p. wk., possible work in lieu part rent. Wedell, 6 Playfair Mansions, W14.

COSY Welsh mountain cottage for furn. winter let – no other house within sight or earshot; village ½ mile, Criccieth 4 miles, Portmadoc 6 miles; 1 dbl., 2 single beds, main el., water, indoor w.c.; 2½ gns p.w. Ideal for writing a book. Box 6506.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG composer wants room- (or garage? garden shed?) space for piano away from radio, TV, etc. Non-resid. Part of week/wkend would do. 25s. CHIswick 9808.

WANTED in Hampstead or Swiss Cottage area accom. & board for young man aged 20 in private home. Box 6481.

WOMAN civil servant reqs accom., minimum room, kitchen; pref. Bloomsbury/Highgate/Blackheath. Box 6561.

WANTED to rent for 10 days at Christmas, flat, central London, sleep 3-4, professional family. References. Box 6565.

BANK clerk (white) and chemist (black) – both male, quiet – req. s/c. flat Hampstead/Highgate, or anywhere. Box 6584.

REQUIRED to rent, small unfurnished cottage for one lady. Box 6711.

23, saving to study, seeking minimum price accommodation London; willing to help after work. Box 6585.

A SMALL unusual house with character, charm and preferably garden, sought in Chelsea, Fulham or SW London area for buyer prepared to pay a good price for these special qualities. Box 6592.

3 yng, reliable Indian students (brothers) req. quiet furn. s/c. flat, k. & b. Up to 9 gns p.w. Easy access W1. Box 6596.

LECTURER sks furn. London flat, 2 rooms. Till Feb. C. 5 gns. Box 6651.

FLAT or house, unfurnished, London, NW, W, or SW, sought by prof. woman; 2 children, 5 and 9. Excellent ref. Max. rent 15 gns wkly (less prefd). Box 6569.

TWO music students (f.) with piano seek self-contd furn. flat, NW, from January. Up to £6 per week. Box 6663.

SOUGHT: landlord, central, actively anti-colour bar with unfurnished (?) accomm., incl. kitchen, bath, by coloured (m.) WI metal worker and white (m.) English architect. Keen decorate, convert. Box 6678.

2 Bartlett students (m.) req. p.-furn. attic/lge rm; with facs. Central. Long let. Will dec. for low rent. Box 6700.

FURN./unf. flat, Central. Temp. OK. 2 peace marchers writing book. FLA. 3285.

INDIAN pacifist (m., 26), boy (14) sk double b/s. with friendly young family, central London, fond children. Box 6730.

YOUNG man, 24, seeks inexpensive accom., accessible W. London. Box 6737.

MR, Mrs & son need home for dog, cat & piano. Unfurn.(?) cot. rural nr Lond., access public trans. Low rent. Box 6649.

SOUTHAMPTON. Wanted: bed-sit., cooking facilities, near civic centre. Away weekends. Box 6541.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR Sale, 'Aldaan', Portree, containing one public room, three bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom. This bungalow was built two years ago. The ground extends to ½-acre. Feu duty £1. Rateable value £27. For further particulars, apply to Macdonald & Fraser, Solicitors, Portree, Isle of Skye, Scotland. Telephone Number Portree 39.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Scholarship and entrance tests will be on 3 & 4 April 1962. Three scholarships up to £150. Two exhibitions up to £90. Art and Music awards available. 11 and 13 year old entry. Applics before 28 Feb. Further details from the Headmaster, Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations, 1962. Two or more Major Scholarships, value up to full fees. Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions. Junior Group: Under 11½ at end of February. Senior Group: Age 11½ to 13½ at end of February. In addition, a £50 Tobacco Blenders' Guild Scholarship for a boy of reasonable academic capacity and notable talent and qualities of character. Date of examinations: End of February 1962. Applications to Headmaster by 1 Feb.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaur., White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

FORGOT my wife's birthday, lost my new umbrella, a dog trampled my pet plants – a day of despair! Then a soothing glass of superb El Cid Sherry, and a genial outlook now restored.

LECTURES etc.—continued from p.676

THE Society For Education Through Art. 'Painting in Prison'. A conference to discuss the exciting work being done by prisoners in Wandsworth Prison under the guidance of the visiting art teachers. Many of the paintings produced by the prisoners will be on show and the speakers will be people with wide experience of working for prisoners, including some of the professional artists who visit the prison as instructors. 11 Nov. 3 p.m. Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. Mems 1s. 6d., non-mems 2s. 6d., full-time students 1s. 6d.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Banbury Town Hall 7.30, Mon. 6 Nov.; Horsham Town Hall 7.30, Tuesday, 14 Nov.; Bromley Central Library 7.30, Thur. 16 Nov.; Dorking Masonic Hall 7.30, Mon. 20 Nov.; Sevenoaks, Cornwall Hall, The Drive 7.30 Tues. 21 Nov.; Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30, Mon. 27 Nov.; St. Albans, Court House 7.30, Thur. 30 Nov.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 5 Nov., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Humanism and the Anti-Clerical': F. H. Amphlett Micklewright.

THE Purpose of Reincarnation'. Public lecture, 5 Nov., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall. 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 9 Nov. 'On Heredity'. Admission free.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL 3351

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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Applications for this course, which begins in September 1962 at the Art of Movement Studio, are invited from pupils in Secondary Schools who have a special interest and ability in expressive movement, dance and dance-drama, and who are capable of reaching the standards read of a qualified teacher. Candidates must have the normal qualifications for admittance to Training Colleges.

Applicants will be eligible for consideration for the award of grants to cover fees and expenses, in the first place, of the two years of training at the Studio, and afterwards of the one year of training at Trent Park.

Full details and application forms are available from:

The Secretary, Art of Movement Studio, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey.

'THE Music of Gustav Mahler' a weekend with Neil Saunders, Donald Mitchell and Hans Keller, 24/26 Nov.; 'Writing for the spoken word' 8/10 Dec.; 'Theatre Retrospect' 29/31 Dec. with Alan Dent & Jean de Leon; 'Sketching' 29/31 Dec., at Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

FURTHER Education which will stimulate personal interests and can provide the basis for further training is available to women over 20 at Hillcroft College. The one-year residential course includes history, literature and social studies. Full grants available. Apply Now for 1962-63 session: Principal, Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Sy.

DARTINGTON College and Arts Centre, Totnes, Devon, provides Preparatory Courses in Music, Art and Drama, a 3-Year Professional Course for Musicians, and two 3-Year Courses for Specialist Music Teachers which are run in collaboration with St Luke's College, Exeter, and Rolle College, Exmouth. All courses are residential. Prospectus from the Secretary.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

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SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN taught by ex-Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Road, NW6.

ICI on parle français. Où ici? Eh bien, dans notre revue 'Loisirs', où des jeunes Français vous présentent leur pays. This magazine, designed for the reader with a working knowledge of French, presents lively articles, stories and eyewitness accounts of French life today. Write for a specimen copy of the magazine and details of subscription rates to: Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church St, W8.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons, Auth. Spanmeth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'. Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

PERSONAL

AEROPREEN AWARD

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EX-NANNY with husband, baby, sks flat & pt-time job (any) London. Box 6595.

FIANCE, graduate, studying evenings, sks board with family, SW London. Lake, 59 Girdwood Road, SW18.

BACHELOR, young 32, no special qualifications, but 'good with people', and domestically useful, seeks work where remuneration secondary to social usefulness. Live in or out. Box 6563

YNG social worker (f.) needs really large room furn./pt-furn., kit. & use bath, within easy reach Kentish Town. Reliable tenant but moderate rent. Box 6609.

DADDY, 5 young children, would appreciate intelligent, country-loving fostermother. Initially one year, view permanency. Domestic/social/cultural amenities. Ultimately based New Forest. Box 6728.

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EXPERIMENTAL Communal Society to be founded in South Pacific seeks 150 creative members (21-40). Apply Philia, Box 1149, Washington, 13, DC, USA.

PERSONAL—continued

FOSTER parents with experience of adolescents required, preferably in London, for 15-year-old working girl with unhappy home background. Please apply to Area Children's Officer, (3001/N) LCC, 25 Euston Road, NW1.

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TELEVISION Writing School is training writers in the technique of TV for ABC Television, Associated-Rediffusion and Associated Television, as well as other TV companies. For details of our correspondence courses apply: Television Writing School Ltd, 14 Sackville St, London, W1

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1 Phone MUSeum 8923. also at Oxford Cambridge Ipswich

EASY £175 Letter Contest. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' Subscription: two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

'HUMANISM Explained' – Write for free copy, Ethical Union (H), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

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PERSONAL—continued

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LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

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CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also sm. Hall & Committee Rms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

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MARK Gerson, Portrait Photographer – studio or location, price list on request. 16 Woodstock Street, Mayfair, London, W1. MAY. 0609.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typists always available. GK Bureau, 196 Oxford Street, W1. MUS. 6858.

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THE ROYAL BALLET
8 & 9 Nov. at 7.30 & 11 Nov. at 2
The Sleeping Beauty

Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GER. 2663. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Observer. 'See it for yourself', New Statesman.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Ducks and Lovers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Com. 7 Nov. Sherriff's 'The Long Sunset' 6 & 8.40.

PRINCES. TEM. 6596. 7.30, Thurs, Sat., 5.15 & 8.30. Polish State Jewish Theatre in 5 Yiddish Plays. Trees Die Standing, Baruch of Amsterdam, A Goldfaden Dream, Sender Blank, Tevye Der Milchiger. Season must end Sat. 25 November.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30 "The American Dream' & 'The Death of Bessie Smith' by E. Albee.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8.0, Sat. 5 & 8. 'The One Day of the Year!'

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). William Inge's 'Come Back Little Sheba'. 3, 4 (Mems 5 at 7) 8-11 Nov. at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Farquhar's 'The Recruiting Officer'. Restoration Comedy. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. 'A torrent of high spirits', Times. Mems.

CONCERTS

MACBETH by Giuseppe Verdi. A Voice of America recording of a broadcast performance by the Metropolitan Opera, with Leonard Warren and Leonie Rysanek et al. Conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 8 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PETE Seeger Sings. Royal Albert Hall, Thursday, 16 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Tickets 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 21s., from Royal Albert Hall Box Office (KEN. 8212), Collet's Record Shop, 70 New Oxford St, London, WC1. Dobell's Record Shop, 77 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2, or usual agents.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER.2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & 7 Nov.) Margot Fonteyn in 'The Royal Ballet' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 5 Nov: Antonioni's 'L'Avventura' (X). From 6 Nov: Carne's 'Les Tricheurs' (X).

EXHIBITIONS

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

ALEXANDER CALDER

The Gouaches

8 SLOANE STREET, SW1.

MOLTON Gallery. Recent paintings by the American Artist Ann Cole Phillips, 25 October-13 November. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Vasarely – Recent Paintings. Until 25 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries. November Exhibitions: new paintings by Pierre Lesieur, small pictures and metal reliefs by André Bicat and a selection of paintings, drawings, sculpture by Modern Masters. Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

DITCHLING Gallery, Sx. The Attic Club (Ditchling Artists) 4 to 18 November, 11 to 6. Sun. 2 to 6. Closed Mondays.

COUNTY Town Gallery, Priory Street, Lewes. 4-23 November. Sussex Craft Exhibition. Tuesdays-Saturdays 11 a.m.-5 p.m. The Gallery is adjacent Lewes Station.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery, Autumn Exhibition. Pictures of 1961. Until 17 Dec. Weekdays: 10-7, Sundays: 2-6. Admn 1s.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Helen Lambert, recent paintings, Moscow and environs. Daily 10-6. Sats 9.30-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tapisseries de Petit Format until 18 November. Library: Vera Mindlin – Engravings. Admission 1s. Members free. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent paintings by Kit Barker. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Charles Blackman – Paintings and Drawings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. From 3 November until 25 November. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

EPSTEIN: Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

BROOK Street Gallery, 24 Brook Street, W1. Oscar Dominguez, first London exhibition, paintings and drawings.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries. 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYDe Park 3091. From 7 Nov. to 30 Nov. inclusive Simon Segal Paintings. Also the 42 originals of Segal's splendid Biblical Gouaches.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes'. Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St. (GRO 6755). Lynn Chadwick – First major London Exhibition for 10 years. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admission free. From 9 November.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New series Paintings John Bratby.

MODERN Jewellery. 800 pieces from 32 countries at International Exhibition of Modern Jewellery (1890-1961), Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2. Daily 10.30-6.30 (Not Sundays) 26 Oct.-2 Dec. Adm. 3s. 6d. (Students 1s. 6d.).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mark Rothko: An exhibition of paintings from 1945-1960. 11 October-12 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings by Henry Sanders. Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Anthony Whishaw. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Paintings, drawings and photographs by Cecily Ben-Tovim, Joan Knoblock, Errol Jackson, Lyall Watson – People of Our Time. Paintings by Till Norland. 23 Oct.-11 Nov.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE SIR GEORGE WATSON CHAIR OF AMERICAN HISTORY, LITERATURE AND INSTITUTIONS

STEPHEN TOULMIN MA, Ph.D

Director of The Nuffield Foundation Unit for History of Ideas

SCIENCE AND THE NATIONAL MIND

7, 9, 14, 16 November
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5.30 p.m.

The Lectures will be held in the Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College London, Gower Street, WC1. Admission free without ticket.

P. E. N. HERMON OULD MEMORIAL LECTURE – 1961

DR C. V. WEDGWOOD CBE will lecture on 'BREAKING THE BARRIER – THE WRITER'S PROBLEMS AND OPPORTUNITIES'. Chair: Dame Rebecca West DBE, Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1 on 14 NOVEMBER, 7.30 p.m. (doors open at seven). Tickets (unnumbered) are available in advance from: P. E. N., 62 Glebe Place, London, SW3, at 3s. 6d., send remittance and stamped addressed envelope.

FABIAN SOCIETY AND CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY

FABIAN AUTUMN LECTURES

Wednesday 8 November, at 7.15 p.m.
Livingstone Hall, Tothill Street, SW1.

THE IMPACT OF THE PRESS ON THE PUBLIC

John Beavan

Front rows 4s., other seats 2s. 6d. Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. (WHI. 3077.)

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture, entitled 'Problems of the American Economy' will be delivered by Professor Paul A. Samuelson (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) at 5.30 p.m. on 9 November at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled 'Charles James Fox and Napoleon: The Peace Negotiations of 1806', will be delivered by Professor H. Butterfield (Master of Peterhouse) at the University of London, Senate House, WC1, on Monday 13 November at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 7 Nov. 'The Impediments to Britain's Industrial Progress' by Professor G. C. Allen; 9 Nov. 'Form and Colour in Nature' by Dr H. Judith Milledge.

THE Moral Philosophy of Jean Paul Sartre: Maurice Cranston MA. Sun. 5 Nov., 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. 'Return to Belief' by Yvonne Lubbock – Discussed by Barbara Smoker, Tues., 7 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1.

'BUILDING a Humanist Movement' – A. F. M. Brierley (Group Organiser of the Ethical Union) – at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Sat., 4 Nov. at 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Society.

FAMILY in Primitive & Western Society: Peter Marris, Fri. 10 Nov., at Friends International Centre, 32 Tavistock Square, WC1, at 7.30 p.m. Sociology Group of Progressive League. For details of other League activities send s.a.e. Secretary (N5), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

FORUM on Freedom, Monday 13 November, 7.30. Speakers: Canon E. Carpenter, CND, John Gollan, Editor Marxism Today. Friends Meeting House, NW1. Organised by Marxism Today.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE High Commission Territories', Prof. C. E. Carrington (Professor of Commonwealth Relations at Royal Institute of International Affairs) will address UNA Westminster Branch at Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, SW1, on Tues. 7 Nov., 8 p.m. All welcome.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Monday 6 November. Films – commercial, cartoon and scientific films at the Shell Mex House, Strand. 6.30-8 p.m. Programmes 1s.

LONDON NLR Club, 6 Nov. 8 p.m., 'Workers' Control', speaker: David Armstrong. Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1. 7 Nov. 'Politics and the Novel', 'The Writer & Commitment', discn led by John Mander & Graham Martin. Partisan Basemnt, 8 p.m. Mems 1s., non-mems 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 3 Nov. 8 p.m. Madame Marie Rambert: 'Ballet: The Bolshoi and the Kirov'. Fri. 10 Nov. 8 p.m. Bishop Anthony Bloom: 'Saint Avraham Smolenski'. At British Council Cinema, 6 Hanover St, W1, Mon. 13 Nov. 6.30 p.m. Sov. Films: Newsreel; 'The Blind Musician'. Please reserve seats in advance.

'QUAKER Unity in Diversity'. Speaker: Denis R. Moriarty. Sunday, 5 Nov. at 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

WATTEAU: illustrated lecture by Michael Levy. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave) Tues., 7 Nov, 8.30 p.m. arr. Finsbury Art Group. Non-members 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE Forum: L. S. Penrose FRS, on Genetics, Radiation and the Future, Friends House, Euston Rd. 7.15, Tues. 7 Nov. Non-mems 2s.

LECTURES on Modern Architecture by Robert Furneaux Jordan 15, 22, 29 November. Tickets 2s. 6d. each or 6s. for series from RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1.

ANTI-Partition of Ireland League Rally, Denison Hse, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, SW1. Sun. 12 Nov. 7 p.m. 'Injustice of Partition': Guest speaker: C. Healy MP and other speakers. Questions. Admission free.

'TECHNICAL Studies of Works of Art', an illustrated lecture by Rutherford John Gettens, Curator, Freer Gallery of Art, Washington. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tues., 7 Nov., 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

'FILMING a Continent' – Mr Joe Mendoza, Director of 'The Magnificent Continent' talks on his experiences as a film director in Africa. Film also shown. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 8 Nov. at 8 p.m. Adm. to guests 3s. 6d.

ALGERIAN Revolution, 7th Anniversary Demonstration, 5 Nov., 2.30 p.m. Montague Pl., opp. Senate Hse. London University. Speakers: John Baird MP & others.

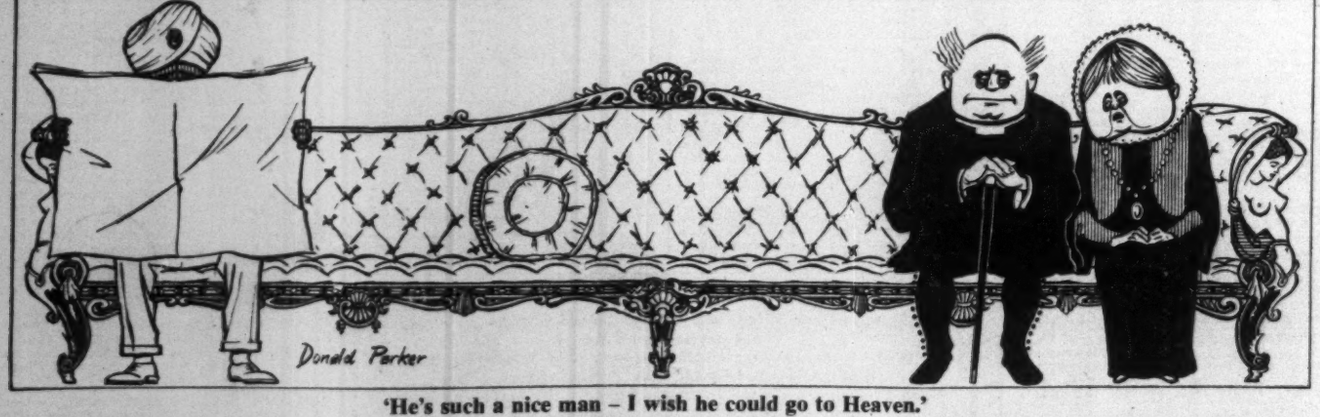
ADLERIAN Society. Do teenagers need treatment? Guest Speaker: Dr Richard Meyer. Tues. 7 Nov., 7.30 p.m. punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members welcome 2s. 6d. Students 1s.

GUYS and Dolls are invited to The New Jewish Society's Guy Fawkes Fancy Dress Party on Sat., 4 Nov. in 'The Studio', YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1. 8-11 p.m. Adm. to guests 6s. 6d. (including refreshments).

'MANN With a Flute' and 'Symphony Across the Land'. Two films showing American interest in contemporary and traditional music. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 9 Nov. 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., London, SW1. A series of 3 Special Public Meetings at Caxton Hall, SW1 at 6.30. (1) Wed. 8 Nov.: Dana (Charity), Mr R. Percheron. (2) Wed. 15 Nov.: Sila (Right Conduct), Mrs M. H. Robins. (3) Wed. 22 Nov.: Bhavana (Mind Training), Mr Christmas Humphreys. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries: TAT. 1313.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.675



'He's such a nice man – I wish he could go to Heaven.'

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